Sir Joseph Rayal. 1827

London Characters;

OR,

ANECDOTES, FASHIONS, AND CUSTOMS,

OF

THE PRESENT CENTURY.

BY SIR BARNABY SKETCHWELL,

SCENE AND PORTRAIT-PAINTER TO THE ARGYLE-ROOMS, AND OTHER PLACES OF ELEGANT RESORT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Embellished with appropriate and humorous Engravings.

THE SECOND EDITION,

WITH ADDITIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

Quæ cuique est fortuna hodie, quam quisque secat spem,
Tros Rutulusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo. *Virg. Æn. X. 107.*

Jeune ou vieux, riche ou pauvre, enfin Juif ou Chretien,
Nul ne m'echappera, s'il n'est homme de bien. *Regnard. ined.*

Old and young, rich and poor, Churchman, Baptist, or Jew,
If foolish or wicked, I'll hold up to Show. B. S.

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CONTENTS

TO THE

SECOND VOLUME.

Page

ADMIRAL WALLINGFORD. . 1

LadyCharlotte's Promise—MoreCharacters—the Admiral's Opinion of Women—a Digression—the Wish of a dying Wife—a hasty Declaration of the Marquis—he is chastised by his Sister—a most interesting Point discussed—Conversation—the Admiral's Character continued—his Villa—his Hospitability—Portrait of the Admiral *ad Vivum*—Conclusion.

RESULT OF A SATURDAY NIGHT'S DETERMINATION. 17

A Charity Sermon—Conversation—Portrait of a Preacher—a Comparison with Self—the Taste of

the Duchess undergoes Alteration—the Marquis prepares himself to read—Conclusion.

THE REV. EDMUND GROSVENOR. 25

Choice of a Profession—he his destined for the Church—a polite Denial—a Kind offer of Services—a Pattern of good Sense and Kindness—Edmund is sent to College—he takes Holy Orders—he becomes Chaplain to the Duchess of Davantry—his highly proper conduct—he is an example of Goodness—his Portrait faithfully drawn—himself a Painter—his Health is impaired—a Manly Resolution—Madelina's Sorrow and Illness—a Consultation—a Discovery—an Inquiry—an Embassy—Success of the Negociation—they are married—their Happiness—Conclusion.

MORE SCANDAL. 51

Dialogue—Portrait of the French Count—News from Town—French compliments—polite Nonsense—an improbable Story—a Misunderstanding explained—a Hint on Mustachios—on smoking a Pipe.

A BOARD OF CRITICISM. 63

Portraits and Sketches—an Anecdote—Dialogue—a Wife at Home—the faithful Dog—a Discovery—the Ballad—Conclusion.

LADY RAVENSBURG. 73

Portrait of Cecilia—she becomes Lady Ravensburgh—Conclusion.

MATHEW MONCKTON, ESQ. 79

A Romancer and Necromancer—a Play-writer—a good Companion—his Sobriquet—a Proof of his Goodness—his Delicacy—Reflection—Conclusion

LADY LAURESTON. 89

Mental Endowments should fix a fickle Heart—She is superseded by a Mistress—she is obliged to quit the House—and bereft of her Child—a most bar-

barous Conduct—an unnatural Child—his shameful Crime—her Death—Conclusion.

MRS. BUFF IN ST. JAMES'S PARK. 99

A Monstrous Disappointment.

GRADUAL REFORMATION. 101

It increases Daily—Advantages of Music—a Spark of expiring Vanity—sentimental Poetry—the last Appeal.

AUGUSTUS RYMINGTON, ESQ. 109

Portrait of Lord Linwood—his excellent Wife—mistaken opinion of the Public—Women should not judge too severely of their own Sex—how bewitching is the smile of a sensible Man—let an Ass keep his long Ears—Angels would be our inferiors if there was no Frailty in Man—Conclusion.

THE FORMER MRS. ASHFORD. 118

The old School exemplified—Reflections on Prudery—She falls in Love—Articles of War—Elopement—Nature conquered by Passion—the Seducer found guilty—he triumphs at the Verdict—The Reward—generous Behaviour of the Colonel—she marries again—Conclusion.

THE HON. MR. MELVINGTON. 133

The Work of Seduction—Manners of the French—a Spy—an Appeal to the Law—melancholy Reflections—insulted Wives and Revenge—Conclusion.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN. 143

Most foul Deception—a nice Distinction—Conclusion.

MRS. MOISTON, OR THE DISSOLUTE WIFE. 147

Too fond a Mother—Henrietta in her *teens*—her romping Feats—The Blindness of a Mother—a

Portrait from Nature—Love-letters and Balls—she arrives in London—her Conduct there—she catches a Lover—it is not all fair that glads the sight—she Exhibits her Lover in the Country—the Lovers described—a Scheme proposed—clandestine Marriage—the Father's Anger, relents—hunting Lovers from the Window—the Huntress caught in her own Toils—a Rendezvous—Reflections—Conclusion.

THE MARQUIS OF DERRINGBRIGHT, AND HIS TERMAGANT MISTRESS. 171

Ungratefulness—Delineation and dead Colouring—she causes a fatal Duel—Artifices of Coquetry—borrowed Children—some Excuse for her Conduct—another Duel—its fatal Consequences—a spoiled Child—Impetuosity, and Injustice—Pity—Cowardness—Reflections—Conclusion.

LORD AND LADY PENWORTHY, OR THE VICTIMS OF JEALOUSY. 187

Esteem and Regard solid Basis of Love—the Argyle Rooms—he is wounded—Paroxysm of Jealousy—she is consigned to her Bed—Three whole

Years of Happiness—He sets off for Paris—a appointment—her Misery Disconfirmed—the Book of Happiness is shut—bad Reasoning—untimely Death—Conclusion.

THE CI-DEVANT LADY ELVIRA TEMPLEDON. 203

Hymen's Scepter is made of Gold—The Sting of Calumny—She marries—and becomes Poor—Gratitude easily kindles into Love—a faithless Husband makes a faithless Wife—She marries again and is happy—Conclusion.

CURSORY REMARKS. 213

Fashionable Deception—a dark Business comfortably settled—Conversation—Allusions—a nice Point discussed—Conclusion.

THE DOWAGER LADY EAGLETON. 221

Insulted Wives, and Revenge—unworthy Husband—a generous Behaviour—shameful Connexion—a Portrait—Conclusion.

THE DUKE OF STOWBRIGHT. 229

Divorce and Marriage—*an Aria*—the Melomania-Morbus, *con Amore*—*a Research* for Harmony in the Arms of Hymen—*a Solo*—sudden and unexpected Vision—a grand and everlasting Concert *tutti*—Conjugal Meeting: *an Andante*—the Meeting not relished—*a Fugue*—*an Adagio*, too much of a good Thing—*Finale, con Gusto.*

SIR JOHN AND LADY SOMERVILLE. 241

His old Age—their Protegée, the Dwarf—indulged Kittens—Petit Soupers en Famille—an innocent Shunamite—She makes a proper use of her Influence—Economy to a Degree—Girlish Tricks—Evening Prayers—a sleeping Congregation—a Duet between Sir John and My Lady—the last Stroke to the Portrait.

MRS. WAKEFIELD. 255

Cheap Entertainments—no Pleasures allowed but empty Visions—her Dress—why should you wear a Wig?—her Father's Death—what a Change—she passes the Winter in London—she retires to a Friend in the Country—the cold Addresses of a reverend Gentleman—Want of Courage—the Advice of a Friend—the Doctor's Destiny is not to have

her—a new Suitor—real good Policy—homespun Happiness—Conclusion.

MR. BORRAGE. 273

Industry and Economy the Parents of Wealth—a Change in his Character—Effects of plebeian Pride—Want of Manners—a Funeral Oration—an Epitaph.

THE LAST EVENING AT LAUREL VILLA. 281

A Plan for other Lectures—a polite Excuse—Ruins and Vestiges of departed Beauty—Conclusion.

THE HON. AMELIA DONCASTER. 287

A Star in the Firmament of Fashion—a Sketch from Titian—a Masquerade—the Inca unmasked—an Advice from the Pillow—a tremendous Resolution—a Lady telling her Age! shocking—the Secret imparted to the Tabbies—the General's Retreat—public Opinion—preserving Health and Beauty—Conclusion.

THE STATE OF THE DUKE OF PYRMONT'S FAMILY, AFTER THEIR RETURN TO TOWN. 301

Kindness of her Daughter—the Duchess's en-bon-point —Imprudence of the Duke—Gambling, and its dreadful Effects—a Consultation with a trusty Steward—Continuation—unexpected Generosity—Impatience and Curiosity—a most admirable Behaviour—Retrospect—Gratitude and Sincerity—the Duke's Moderation—Lady Charlotte is married—the Marquis does not improve—Conclusion.

THE TRIAL

OF

FATIMA CLARKIS. 319

The Complaint of the Favourite—her Reflexion—Conclusion of her Soliloquy—Retrospect—a Change of Fortune—second Retrospect—third Retrospect—extravagant Pride—she rules in the Harem—she swears to be revenged—she is much indulged—the Aga not found guilty—Explanation of the Frontispiece—Speech of the President—the Accusation—the Camphor-bag of Mrs. Lee—the Motion—Cross-examination—Animadversions—Verdict—Sentence—Conclusion.

LONDON CHARACTERS.

ADMIRAL WALLINGFORD.

"But I do think it is their husbands' fault
"If wives do fall." SHAKESP. Othello.

THE next evening that the Duchess and her party were free from company, it happened to be Lady Charlotte's turn to afford the amusement for the *soirée*.

She begged of her brother to take compassion on her, and kindly officiate in her stead. "From your inexhaustible stock of information and novelty," she said, "and your intercouse with our fashionable world, the Duchess will be more likely to find amusement and interest than from any anecdotes in my power to produce. However, if her Grace and your Lordship will but have patience to give me the hearing, I pledge myself the

next time we "three meet again," without other company, to introduce you to some very amiable people. The sketches which compose the story are, I assure you, taken from real life; but I fear will be thought too romantic to be admitted amongst your *worldlings*, dear brother: yet as your characters, though admirably pourtrayed, do not generally carry the stamp of any exalted virtues, it may not be amiss to scatter a few worthies amongst them, as well to diversify, as to enlighten and improve. My anecdotes, however, are not yet arranged, and that is one reason that I crave your mercy this evening; for I mean to give *these* characters in the true style of *novel-composition*. Do then, dear, good my Lord, proceed; your ready and cheerful compliance will best excuse me with the Duchess.

"If I were not your brother, Charlotte," answered the Marquis, "I should tell you, it was impossible to resist so sweet

a pleader: but as I have the honour to boast an affinity which precludes the necessity of embellished feeling, and warrants only plain dealing and truth, I shall simply say, that on condition of your giving us your promised *sketches of excellence*, at no very distant period, I will this evening become your officiator and advocate."

"Agreed!" answered Lady Charlotte. "And now, dear brother, *more characters* as soon as you please." "Well, but ladies," said the Marquis, "tell me, shall they be male or female? Say, quickly; for they crowd quick on my memory. Or, shall I give you a compound of both? I have on my list a profligate wife, a wanton widow, a bride elect, and a pattern of conjugal fidelity in the shape of a brave and venerable Admiral."

"Oh! what a promising group," said Lady Charlotte. "Give us all, or any

of them, dear brother; but whatever you do, do'nt, pray, leave out the dear, old Admiral." "Oh fye! Charlotte," exclaimed the Duchess, "to wish to endanger a virtuous man, by associating him with a profligate wife and a wanton widow! I tremble for the Admiral's fidelity, if he is to mix with such a set."

"It is not by such women as these," answered the Marquis, "that such men as Admiral Wallingford are endangered. Accustomed from the delicacy of his taste and probity of his principles to associate only with the refined, the chaste, and intellectual of your sex, he is disgusted with those forward females, whether virgins, wives, or widows, who presumptuously display their charms, and thus invite the licentious:—from the professed wanton he turns with pity and contempt!

All young and beautiful women, he

says, are on an equality, as far as respects personal influence; but the qualities of the heart, the endowments of the mind, education, disposition, and acquirements, are the distinguishing ornaments of a chaste and polished woman; and they alone can fix the heart of man. Mind, dear ladies, these are the Admiral's *old fashioned* ideas; for my part, I know little about these subjects."

"Oh! brother," said Lady Charlotte, "I am sure you have frequently evinced the same rectitude of ideas, in regard to our sex; however fashion may lead you to—"

"Charlotte," interrupted the Duchess, "Do suffer your brother to continue, and do not be so prosing."

The Marquis smiled; but he revered his virtuous sister, and often felt sensible of his mother's impropriety of conduct—

he seated himself between the ladies, gently put an arm round each of their waists, and pressing them softly towards him, he thus continued.

" Admiral Wallingford is the champion of your sex, and gives it as his opinion, that it is the fault of man that women are not better. He has been the husband of two amiable women; his first wife, with whom he lived several years, in the most perfect harmony, on her death-bed requested, that, if ever he married again, it might be to her friend; adding, that she was so convinced of her worth, as to be satisfied she was the best calculated being to make him happy. "Take her, therefore, dear Wallingford," said this generous woman, " as soon as the grief, I am sure, you will feel for our separation shall be tranquillized. She will fill up the void in your heart: you have nothing to apprehend from a refusal, for Sophia has no prior attachment, and en-

Continued.

tertains the highest esteem for your excellence.

The Admiral had remained a widower near two years; when he fulfilled the dying request of his departed consort, and espoused her friend.

This lady is many years younger than her husband; but that does not operate so as to lessen her affection or attentions; her attachment is individual and ardent; and he appears to have no pleasure in which she takes not a share.

In the service of his country, Admiral Wallingford has fought with a NELSON, a RODNEY, and a HOWE; and his venerable bark, though no longer afloat, still exists, a lively memento of former achievements, and serves to eternize his fame and glory!

It is not more than six months since I

had the satisfaction of dining with this amiable veteran, at Lady Hanwell's; and I never recollect being more struck than I was by his person and manners: the former bearing the stamp of temperance and regularity, and the latter of unaffected cheerfulness, sound principles, and manly integrity. He told us, he was in his seventieth year! No uninformed person would have guessed him above fifty-five.

His profession, as a naval officer, frequently obliged him to leave the dear treasures of his home for distant climes; but although he has been absent from his family three years together, he has solemnly declared, that he was never guilty of a single act of conjugal infidelity!—This may be literally true; but I know it is a virtue, when I have the misfortune to be married, that I shall never be able to practise.

"Dear brother," said Lady Charlotte,

"I hope you will alter your opinion; and not be among the number of those men, who will not credit this latter circumstance you have mentioned of the worthy Admiral. I see no reason to doubt it; for he, who makes a matter of conscience to regulate his passions, and hold sacred a solemn contract, will, on every occasion, submit to restraint, which love and virtue impose; and which virtue will herself repay: in my opinion the best security against irregularities of this order is an attachment to an amiable and virtuous object. Though separate, there is no void in *his* heart, which is truly devoted, and his imagination fills every spot with the image of his love: thus circumstanced, an act of mere sensual grossness I should conceive impossible: for the man who dishonours his love, dishonours himself in the most delicate point of view; and I do assure you, that I think there are very few situations, in which I could consider an act of conjugal infidelity as pardonable; and in-

deed, I think, that while you exact so large a penalty for a single act of this nature in our sex, it is the height of injustice to allow so much greater latitude to your's."

"I wish," said the Marquis, "I had thought of taking out my watch, when Charlotte was at the commencement of her discourse upon male Chastity." "For my part," said the Duchess, with a weary air, "I was silent, for I thought the *promised novel* was begun; and that this was the preface! However, Charlotte, all you have uttered is very just; our sex will every one agree to the truths you have enforced."

"But you will agree, also, my dear Duchess, said the Marquis, "that although there may often be found men extremely reprehensible, in their treatment of those females who are placed under their dominion; we, also, sometimes meet with very naughty women,

who have no plea to offer in extenuation of their indecorous and profligate conduct: of such a description is the character I shall next introduce, and—" "But stop a little, dear brother;" quickly interrupted Lady Charlotte, "you have neither told us where the dear old Admiral lives; whether he has any family; nor have you given a perfect description of his person: we will hear nothing of your *profligate wife* nor *wanton widow*, until we have learned all we can of this truly worthy character; who comes to us, at this moment, like the Angel of Charity, bespeaking mercy for his followers."

"I think," said the Duchess, "after the despicable portrait given us lately of Sir William Featherington, this exalted character of England's first favourite, a British Sailor, is admirably contrasted; and although I join my vote with Charlotte's in wishing to obtain a

knowledge of every particular respecting this very good man, I own I have no objection to view, occasionally, sketches of a more ordinary cast ; *I like the world as it goes !* therefore, hasten, dear Philip, to fulfil Charlotte's wishes, and then let us have your *profligate wife* and *wanton widow*, as soon as you will." The Marquis bowed his obedience, and proceeded.

"The residence of our naval hero is certainly worthy of remark ; being just suitable to the elegance of his mind, and purity of his taste. Since retired from the service, he has built a cottage in the most picturesque part of the Isle of Wight; and which is called The Marine Villa: it is situated in the parish of Niton; and possesses much symmetry and appropriate beauty. The grounds, though not extensive, are laid out with infinite taste; but the powers of description fail in picturing the almost un-

paralleled loveliness and variety of the views which meet the eye in every direction, and entrance with delight the admiring gazer.

In my tour through the island last summer, we stopt at the village of Niton; and my fellow-traveller, who knew the venerable owner intimately in his days of fame, sent in his name, with a request to be permitted the indulgence of walking over the grounds.

This request brought us a polite invitation from the Admiral and his lady, to take an early dinner at the Villa: which we readily accepted. If we were charmed with the extreme beauty and neatness which were blended in this enchanting retreat, if we dwelt with enrapt emotion on the splendid and picturesque views which presented themselves at every break in the foliage, we experienced a pleasure no less lively, though of a different nature,

in the comfort, hospitality, and neatness, which pervaded his little household. At his table was plenty, without luxury: and his equipage and retinue possessed all the grace of unobtrusive simplicity, totally devoid of ostentation and show.

He has no family; which is a subject of regret both to the Admiral and his lady; and the more so as I think I have heard of his having lost a son, brought him by his first wife; and a daughter, in her infancy, the produce of this, his second, marriage.

These sad privations have thrown an air of interesting thoughtfulness over the otherwise cheerful countenance of the Admiral; and add to the natural pensive cast of features which distinguish Mrs. Wallingford. This lady has still a very handsome face; and before her figure had lost its roundness, it must have possessed very considerable beauty: she

was, at the time I saw her, exceedingly spare; but her motions were graceful, and her manners and accomplishments such as usually mark the thorough-bred gentlewoman.

The Admiral is rather of an under size and does not, in height, exceed five foot five; his features rather small—his eyes merry and sparkling, seem to have not yet lost the fire of youth: his teeth more white and sound than any I ever before witnessed in a person of his years. His complexion is invariably florid, without being coarse, and his hair is entirely white: but never did I behold such perfect personal neatness in any elderly person as in this most delightful old man: his linen fine, and white as snow, seems to vie with his venerable locks in purity of hue, and his well polished shoes equal in lustre the brightest japan. In his external habit he is invariably true to his colours. A blue coat, he says, is the

Conclusion.

most appropriate garb for a TRUE BRITON; and even his servants are never allowed to appear in any other; in fact he is truly the

— Virum quem
conspexere —

of Virgil, whose presence has the magic power of silencing the clamorous, and of dispersing a mob.

RESULT

OF

A SATURDAY NIGHT'S DETERMINATION,

&c.

"He was Eyes to the Blind."

On the Saturday night following, just before the clock struck twelve, the Duchess of Pyrmont addressed her children with, "To morrow we must *all* be at church."—"What me! my Lady Duchess," said her son.

"Certainly," replied her Grace; "not one of our family would I have absent: there is to be a charity-sermon; and it is a duty incumbent on people of our rank to give largely."

"I know not how I shall sit the sermon

out," said the Marquis; "I am sure this theme of pious begging is so exhausted."

The Duchess, with all her faults, was generous and benevolent. "Charity is a theme," said she, "on which too much cannot be said; this too, I shall feel," added she, with a sigh; "for it is in support of the Blind Asylum lately established in the next town. All my fear is, as I am told it is rather a popular preacher who, is come to display his eloquence on the occasion, that it is some methodistical divine, which I am extremely sorry to say is now the custom to employ for these purposes, in order to draw a large congregation, and thereby increase the charitable fund."

"Then make yourself easy, on that head, Duchess," said the Marquis: "it is a fashionable divine; in the prime of

life, quite orthodox, and Chaplain to his Grace the worthy Duke of Daventry.

"The character of the Reverend Edmund Grosvenor, who is to preach to morrow, in this age, appears romantic; for he is really possessed of all the Grandisonian principles of honour and virtue. You know Lord Benton seldom or ever goes to church; but when Grosvenor preached in London, at a certain fashionable chapel, he always went, when it was his turn to give the sermon: for you must know, that Grosvenor does not thunder flames and torments in your ear, but allows every man to enjoy the good things of life, and thereby best please his Maker."

"Grosvenor, Grosvenor!" said the Duchess: "let me recollact, is not that the young man who was so much spoken of, some time ago, who obtained the consent of all her friends, and married,

with their full approbation, that elegant and interesting girl, Lady Madelina Graham?" "The very same, my dear Duchess; they are now but little known among the fashionables of London; as they have retired, for some years, to a remote part of Devonshire; loving and beloved, and willingly, as mutually, quitting the great world and all its vanities. When you have heard and seen Edmund Grosvenor, I will give you his character and history, for it must be dwelt upon to do it justice."

Soon after this conversation, the noble family retired to rest; and on the following morning proceeded to church.

A clear, sonorous voice, a pure pronunciation, and elegant language, made Mr. Grosvenor heard with pleasure by every auditor of his numerous congregation: a mild unaffected demeanour, free

from rant or the affectation of action, marked the servant of God, and not the theatrical declaimer. His text was—" He was eyes to the blind !"—

The Duchess was wrapped in fixed attention: she perceived the mercy, the enlarged sentiments, of that religion she had so often put away from her thoughts as a rigid intruder, and which she had so often dared to ridicule: Grosvenor had made it appear to her senses, mild, sweet and beneficent; ever open, late as well as early, to impart its healing balsam to the mind of the penitent. She felt it all! her outward sight was gone, it turned inward on her conduct; and the sweet hope that Grosvenor held out to her, made her view it without terror, though with a proper sense of shame.

Though a sudden and speedy reformation in the conduct of a woman, who had

been so much given up to vanity and dissipation, could not be expected, yet she became, by degrees, more intellectual: when she listened to the faults of her neighbours, she thought, also, of her own: when she heard the characters of the good and virtuous depicted, she felt a sentiment unknown to her before warm her bosom, and a sense of humiliation, to think how much she was inferior: her Charlotte became daily more dear to her; and she has been known, sometimes, to warn her son against the vices of fashion, and only to follow *implicitly* her elegancies and all those customs which were not *actually vicious!*

In the commencement of that amusement they had planned to enliven their solitude, she always listened, with a distracted kind of attention, to the sketch of a virtuous character, except that of Lady Laura Pemberton, who was

always her favourite: but now, they appeared to give her more pleasure than those of the scandalous school: and one evening, when they had found a relaxation from receiving and returning various visits, she requested to hear the history of the Clergyman who had so much interested her.

Lady Charlotte, who had a very particular talent at catching likenesses, and often amused herself in sketching the physiognomy of curious characters whom she had met in society, or abroad in her walks, happened to have delineated the most prominent features of the Reverend Gentleman merely in pencil; and taking her drawing-board from off the pianoforte, she placed it before the Marquis whilst he was reading. He smiled, and admired the correctness and delicacy of the performance, but said not a word, lest the Duchess should have felt more keenly

the privation of sight; a delicate attention in which her children were very seldom deficient.

THE

REV. EDMUND GROSVENOR.

"Votre pouls inegal marche à pas redoublés,
Quelle fausse pudeur a feindre vous oblige?
Qu'avez vous?—je n'ai rien,—mais—je n'ai rien, vous dis-je."
BOILEAU. Ep. III.

EDMUND GROSVENOR was the only son of a gentleman of small fortune, but who enjoyed a considerable post under government. Dying at an early age, he had not yet, amongst the many virtues he possessed, that of economy: had his life been spared longer, it might have come in its turn, but it is not, by any means, a qualification natural to the season of youth. Little provision, therefore, was left for a widow and three children.

The father of Edmund had lived long enough to see all the fine seeds of honour, integrity, and feeling, deeply rooted in the

heart of his boy: he was gay and volatile as other boys, yet was never heard to mention the name of his Maker without reverence, although he appeared to condemn his companions, when they acted wrong, but made every kind excuse for their conduct.

While he thus shewed himself possessed of so much goodness of heart, the wonderful and rapid progress he made in learning astonished even his teachers, in so young a child: his father, therefore, wished much to bring him up to one of the learned professions. "If," said he, "I teach him the law, though I do not mean to vilify any calling, yet the natural and unavoidable chicane attendant on that profession may considerably impair that candour and honesty I find in him, and his natural diffidence will prevent his ever making any figure at the bar; if I bring him up to physic, a heart of the finest feelings will be constantly pained at be-

holding the miseries and afflictions of human kind. To the church he will be an ornament, he is just the character to do honour to the truths he will, in future, teach, and enforce by his example."

So much was this the wish of Mr. Grosvenor's heart, so often did he repeat it, that his widow was resolved to exert every nerve to effect the desire of a much loved husband. College expences, a learned education, she found, on calculation, would so drain her purse, that she feared she must give up the idea: she examined her pecuniary stores, she found it impracticable, and she waited on those of the nobility through whose interest her husband had procured the place he formerly held, to request they would recommend her son for it, when he should be of a proper age. She was still a fine woman; she had all that address and manners inseparable from the gentlewoman; and she was received with courtesy and polite-

ness; her husband was acknowledged to have most ably filled his situation, and they promised much, but did nothing!

A mother finds the education and care of daughters infinitely easier than that of sons. Almost despairing her Edmund would be able to continue in the same situation of life he had ever been accustomed to, that of a gentleman, she was crossing St. James's-square one morning, after having received the intelligence from a noble lord, which she had long been prepared for, namely, that so many had applied, that it was totally impossible to promise for young Grosvenor the place formerly held by his father; and really he could not think of any thing that could be done for the lad at present, for there were so many younger sons of the nobility, whose parents had large families, that they must first be thought of; he was truly sorry, but so it was.

Just as she was turning the corner of the square, she fancied she saw a mitred Ecclesiastic, who formerly visited her, when in prosperity; she drew her bonnet closer over her face, and was preparing to pass over on the other side, when she was suddenly taken by the hand, and a well-known voice addressed her in the following manner.

"Do you wish, my dear friend, to shun the man, who has often received favours from you and your worthy husband, and who has feasted at his hospitable board?"

She then, as she lifted up her face, discovered her mistake; it was no bishop, but a simple, worthy divine, who had been the tutor of a rich nephew of Mrs. Grosvenor's, the possessor of the large estate belonging to her family, but who then took no notice of his impoverished aunt.

A Pattern of good Sense and Kindness.

"I am concerned," said the excellent Mr. Wrighten, "to see you in these habiliments; I have been long in the country, and heard there a vague report, that my worthy friend, Mr. Grosvenor, was no more; which was confirmed on my arrival in the metropolis. Happy, truly happy, shall I feel myself, if I can be, in any way, serviceable to you, and your young family. Fortune has smiled upon me; and I am no longer obliged to submit to the caprice of wealth and fashion, by following the occupation of a private tutor, or a governor to attend an imperious young lord, on his travels: I have not only an excellent living, but a rich relation of my wife's has lately left me a considerable property. This gift I receive, as the donation of the Almighty, to be employed in the way as shall best please him; not in building chapels or churches, nor in leaving it, when I have no farther use for it, to public charities;

no; I will endeavour to obtain a seat in heaven, by mending the fortunes of those who cannot toil, and, now sunk from better days, shrink abashed from the thought of asking assistance."

The Reverend Mr. Wrighten had accompanied the widow home; he stayed and partook of her frugal dinner, and being made acquainted with the state of her circumstances, to which he listened with true interest; and was highly gratified to think it was now in his power to repay a part of those obligations he had considered himself under to the late Mr. Grosvenor. He immediately took young Edmund under his charge; sent him to college, and gave him, besides, that liberal education of a finished gentleman, to which his bright capacity did such infinite credit.

Though intended for the church, young Grosvenor had been tanght to ride, to

fence, and to perform every military evolution; which gave him, in the early part of his life, that martial air, which made it often remarked at Bath, that he had more the look of an officer in the army than a divine; this is now a good deal worn off, since he commenced the country clergyman.

At a proper age, Mr. Grosvenor took orders; and being without Church-preferment, and having some leisure on his hands, he made the tour of England and Scotland. On his return he took his degree as master of arts; and soon after, an event happened, which led to that which marked the most interesting and most happy period of his life.

The Duchess Dowager of Daventry was one of the old Nobility, who always very properly judged that, though it was her duty to behave kindly, and affectionately to her inferiors, yet, that magnifi-

cence and dignity should always be kept up in the style of living that nobles adopted: the church, also, she looked upon as one of the firmest pillars of the state; and that its ceremonies ought to be attended to, with exactitude and precision, and not hurried over in a slovenly manner.

Through the recommendation of some noble friends, young Grosvenor was appointed one of her Grace's chaplains; she, at that time, much wished to have one of these her chaplains reside in her house, and perform duty in her own chapel, in that correct way she so desired; but they were married men, and she did not like to take them from their families: pleased with the easy and gentleman-like appearance of young Grosvenor, as one whom her sons and herself could take by the hand in any party, she fixed her choice upon him as her resident chaplain.

On his first arrival, he was shewn into a parlour, where there were two or three blooming young ladies, daughters to the Duchess, seated round a table, and all employed in drawing. On a high music-stool, before a piano-forte, sat a little romp, between twelve and thirteen years of age, who was incorrectly rattling over the keys, but ceased on the entrance of the stranger: at that time, how little did he imagine this little smiling creature would ever be so nearly and so dearly united to him!

The Duchess was charmed with her new inmate, who became the reigning favourite of the house; she found him the profound scholar, without the smallest rust of the College attached to him: for he could trifle, laugh, and talk nonsense, by the hour.

The polish of his manners seemed fit only for the drawing-room; but he would

enter the miserable huts of abject poverty, speak kindly comfortable to the inhabitants, and adapt his elegant language to their understanding; while from his scanty purse he would give all he could spare: if those gay pleasures which always have charms for a young and cheerful mind, and which he ever loved and took in moderation, if these interfered with the sick couch that required spiritual comfort, or the last moments of the dying victim of sickness and indigence, they were readily given up for the performance of his duty; and whilst he was the least rigid, the least puritanical, of any man in the world, an oath was not known by his most intimate friends and connexions ever to have escaped his lips.

He had lived three years with this charming family, in the sweetest harmony of society, grateful to, and befriended by, them all. But in Lady Madelina Graham, the youngest daughter, he dis-

covered a similarity of taste, of thought, and sentiment; Lady Madelina had indeed found a kindred mind: never was woman possessed of more sense than she is.

Grosvenor was not literally an handsome man, but he had a great sweetness of countenance, a good figure, and had that elegant ease in his deportment which marked the gentleman. He thought himself heart-whole; but he felt it stealing away from him: he found he could not see, with indifference, the progressive developement of a mind inclosed in a form, which every year had unfolded some improved attraction to the admiring eye; she was, then, like the early unexpanded rose, which flourishing under a mild sun, and nurtured with care, daily increases in sweetness and beauty.

Honour urged his flight from so dangerous an object: should he, said he to himself, plunge unceasing regret into the

bosom of her excellent mother for having fostered an ungrateful viper, who in return would sting her? Shall an union with Lady Madelina ever dare even to find a place in his thought! He, whose scanty portion would scarce support himself! She, who might behold a train of wealthy nobles at her feet, and choose amongst them at her pleasure.

But how could he quit these truly noble patrons? what pretence could he make for so strange a proceeding? and how ungrateful should he appear in their eyes?

Grosvenor excelled in the art of painting: Lady Madelina had improved her taste for drawing under his tuition; and he had commenced with a course of instructions for painting in oil colours: she had began the design of a beautiful church, with a distant view of the stately mausoleum of her father. The excuses

that lovers will make to themselves, amidst the fluctuations of hope and despair, have been experienced by many, and by them can be easily conceived. He must stay till this picture is finished: it would be the height of ill-breeding not to do it; it would be shocking!

He stayed; they both worked at the picture; but the agitation of Grosvenor's mind impeded it's progress.

He, who was often the life of their convivial parties, was now pale, absent, and spiritless: Lady Madelina lost her bloom and her appetite; but no one knew, not even the lovers themselves, for what cause.

At length honour, that sacred principle, which had ever filled the breast of Grosvenor, made him resolve instantly to absent himself, and he requested the Duchess to grant him his dismission.

A manly Resolution.

Astonished, above measure, that he should wish to quit a situation in which he had once been so completely happy; in which he had received such advantages of introduction to friends, who might become his patrons in the future course of his life; where a particular carriage was assigned him, and which was always, with servants, at his command; where he had received an abundance of the most costly presents, and every fond attention of friendship: the Duchess could scarce believe what she heard! Her sons, her daughters, all pressed round him; intreated to know if there was any thing left undone that was in their power to remedy, and that he would only name it. No beloved son, about to quit his paternal home, could be more regretted, or more invited to stay. Madelina, the interesting Madelina, came not forward, like her sisters, but sat pale,

in mournful silence, with difficulty repressing her tears. Again the Duchess urged; again she requested to know the cause: "Oh! my Lady Duchess," said Grosvenor, "forgive me; my honour is still my own, but I cannot master my affections!"

He then quitted the room, ordered his clothes to be taken to the inn, and immediately set off to perform a journey of about fifty miles.

The Duchess pondered on his last words: "No doubt," said she, "Grosvenor has some tender attachment, which calls him away." A deep sigh made her turn towards her daughter Madelina, who had fainted: she was carried to her bed, and the next morning an high fever and faintings made this tender parent tremble for the life of her beloved child.

A Consultation.

The Duchess was a mother, whose chief study was her children's happiness; and she looked upon titles or riches in the married state but as secondary objects, and too dearly purchased with the loss of wedded felicity. Still she entertained not an idea of the affection these young people had for each other: but, during the paroxysms of her daughter's fever, she soon discovered it, from some frantic expressions; and when she gradually recovered, though she remained some time in a very weak state, she questioned her particularly on the subject.

"Be assured, my love," said this tender parent, after hearing her artless confession, "that it would give me sincere pleasure to see you united to so worthy a man as Grosvenor; but never shall it be confessed that my sweet girl harboured love for a man, who might probably refuse her: for such are the noble principles of Grosvenor, that, advantageous as an

alliance with our family might be to him, if he did not really love you, and you alone, he would refuse the offer."

"I charge you," replied Madelina, "as you respect and value that sense of decorum you have ever taught me, that you never suffer what I have confessed to you to come to his knowledge; only permit me to live single: but I think, my dear mamma, he would not *refuse* me. I am sure he loves me."

"Has he, then, ever told you so?" said the Duchess, with dignified gravity.

"Oh! no, never; he would expire sooner, I am sure, with the secret buried in his bosom. But did you, dear Duchess, mark his last words?

"Yes; but I thought they alluded to some attachment he might have elsewhere."

"Oh! why, then," said Lady Madelina, did he cast such a piteous look at me? Why did he ask *your* forgiveness for not mastering his affections, and say, *his honour was still his own?*"

The truth is, Lady Madelina had discovered numerous little inadvertencies in Grosvenor, which are easily perceptible to lynx-eyed love. She rejoiced in finding herself beloved; otherwise a mind of her delicacy would never have encouraged the inclination she felt for him.

The Duchess called a council of her elder children on this subject. She spoke particularly with her eldest son, who was the firm and faithful friend of Grosvenor: they all certainly wished he had more fortune; but they knew no one more worthy, nor one they would be more ready to embrace, and welcome, as a brother.

An Embassy.

Lord Edward Graham knew where Grosvenor was gone; it was agreed that he should go and make him a visit, and sound his inclinations.

He proposed a young lady to him, of large fortune, and who, it was thought, had not beheld Grosvenor with indifference; Grosvenor coolly replied, "No; he had resolved on leading a single life."

"What," said his Lordship, "had you never any tender attachment?" "Oh! yes," sighed Grosvenor: "but, as she is one I must never think on as a wife, I am resolved never to marry at all."

"And will you not tell me who she is?" said Lord Edward.

"You will pardon me, my Lord," replied Grosvenor; "but I am resolved never to mention her name to any one."

"You are a very *resolute* man, this morning; you are *resolved* to live single; and, as you are also *resolved* never to say whom you are in love with, I think it is a very likely result: but I do really think you are in love with my sister Madelina."

"Do you think I would aspire?—" falteringly uttered Grosvenor; while his agitated voice, and changing countenance, soon discovered the secret.

"Ay," said Lord Edward, "we find these things out better than either of you; so come with me: I cannot be offended at your loving my sister; Madelina's a charming girl; and——but come; have your portmanteaus ready this afternoon; you must come with me." Grosvenor would fain have excused himself; little imagining the happiness that awaited him.

"You *must* come," said Lord Edward; "we shall have a very large party next week, who are all your friends: we have a near relation going to be married, and whose wedding is to be kept at our house. Do not you recollect the Duchess is now without any resident Chaplain? and I suppose you do not mean to throw away the scarf she has given you?"

It required very little more persuasion for Mr. Grosvenor to accompany his noble friend to a family, where he yet found himself so beloved. Joining his hand with that of the blushing Lady Madelina, Lord Edward said, "There, Duchess, do not you think that it would be a great pity this lady and gentleman should live single all their lives?"

The many soft scenes which followed are better passed over; they are interest-

ing only to lovers: they are insipid when related to a third person, either from the tongue or the pen; because neither can do them justice.

Lady Madelina Graham and the Reverend Edmund Grosvenor were soon made happy in each other; and Lord Francis Graham, her youngest brother, gave her away to her enraptured and grateful husband.

Never was an union more productive of lasting and uniform happiness; Church-preferment, soon after, enabled Grosvenor to live easy, but not in splendour; he had married, not only into a noble but into an opulent family, so that he was never likely to be poor; but so much was requisite to be given towards making some figure in the world, that a plan of economy was necessary to be observed; to this that amiable and best of women, Lady Madelina Grosvenor, could accommodate herself. She ever made a gen-

teel and fashionable appearance; but her beneficent heart, delighting in doing good, made her deprive herself of many of the elegancies of life, to be what she had been, from her earliest youth, the patroness of the poor.

In a few years they found themselves the delighted parents of a numerous family; and, in concurrence with his Madelina's opinion, whom on every occasion he consults, they deemed it best to reside at his living in the country, from the increased expence of living in London, to support that figure in life their rank required.

There they have now resided some time, in elegant rural happiness—in true domestic comfort. Lady Madelina has lately lost her valued mother: a scarf soon becoming vacant in the Duke's establishment, Mr. Grosvenor was made his chaplain.

Conclusion.

He has lately taken his degree as Doctor of Divinity; a visionary mitre hangs over his head; but he often quotes Sterne, on that occasion, and says, "it will not fit."

MORE SCANDAL, &c.

" Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo. VIRG.

" WELL, my sentimental sister," said the Marquis of Waltham, yawning; " is not that a character after your own heart? For my part, I am as weary of reading as of writing it, it is so like a romance; and yet every word is strictly true."

" I have felt much interested," said the Duchess; " not one syllable have I lost:" " And sincerely do I wish," said Lady Charlotte, " that these characters were not so rare."

" But," said the Marquis, " scarce one amongst the little world but what are firmly persuaded that Grosvenor ran away with Lady Madelina; and that, she being a favourite daughter, the Duchess

of Daventry was induced to pardon this imprudent step."

"My dear Philip," said the Duchess, "what can possibly signify their opinion to people of fashion?"

"A great deal, my dear Duchess; the middling and lower classes of people make up the greatest part of the bulk of mankind: they form, as one may say, the chief mass, and from them originates, in the first instance, all the news we hear, sometimes true, but mostly false: thus, whatever is done amiss by people in our situation is exaggerated ten-fold; while among those who are possessed, in any degree, of what Charlotte calls virtue, it is magnified and multiplied as it passes from tongue to tongue."

"What an encouragement to us," said Lady Charlotte, "to do always what is right!"

Scarce had she finished the sentence, when they were surprised by the sudden announcement and quick-followed entrance of the Count de Pernonville, the favourite *emigré*. They were, indeed, all rejoiced to see him; so pliably devoted was he to all their characters, that no one seeing through the selfish deceit which actuated him, (for in reality he despised them all), they every one liked the good-humoured Count.

He was possessed of a fine person; and his address was entirely divested of French grimace: he had all that charming politeness for which a well-bred, well-educated, Frenchman is so remarkable: gay and playful with the lively; he could display his scientific knowledge with the learned and grave. Lady Charlotte admired him for his virtue and fortitude under misfortunes; the Duchess, for the zest he gave by his wit and well-pointed satire in fashionable anecdote; and the

Duke and his son found him that accommodating and useful friend, for a little pecuniary reward, which they knew not, from his well-planned stratagems, how to dispense with: and while he was most requisite, and most devoted to them, they, in fact, had less friendship for him than the rest of the family.

After suffering some elegant refreshment to be pressed upon him, before he accepted it, and to which, when accepted, he did ample credit, he took the Duchess's favourite pug-dog in his arms; and, after givi g it several fervent embraces, said, "Pray, my dear Lady Duchess, what do you think the town and its environs now ring with?"

Old habits cannot easily be laid aside; the Duchess's love of scandal returned with all its wonted energy.—"Tell me," said she, eagerly, "is there any thing new? I declare I am moped to death in this stupid

Casting lots for Fatherhood *it was not chance! no!*
But the gentle breath of the Angel who presides
over paternal Affection, blew the Dice.

Vide. Vol 1. Page 54.

1 D. of Q — 4 Fagniani non
2 Burke — L. Yarmouth
3 Geo. Selwyn

place; and I am, would you believe it? growing almost as romantic and as sentimental as my daughter!"

The Count was a little puzzled; the ladies were both present, and he wished to pay his court to both: he knew the Duchess always wished to make Lady Charlotte younger than she was, and her blooming and innocent appearance made no one believe she could be three and twenty.

"My dear Lady Duchess," said he, "any one who sees you must know how *very* young your daughter is; and the romantic enthusiasm of virtue is peculiarly interesting at her early years: but her Grace of Pyrmont unites to her knowledge of the world, that charming maturity of beauty, which entitles her to be as saucy as she pleases: *N'est il pas vrai? Ma belle Dame!*" continued he, with a laugh. "The virtue of

Madame la Duchesse is seated deeply in her mind; but fashion does not permit it to be blended in her conversation."

"Come, tell us your news, Pernonville;" said the Marquis, "and don't give us a speech as long as a sermon."

"*Mais, mon cher Monsieur le Marquis*, "I speak to the ladies! I can never find my discourse too long when addressed to them. But it is currently reported, that Lord Clayton, who has been so long constant to his favourite *chere amie*, and who has by her a very large family, has fallen in love with one of his daughters."

"Shocking!" said the Duchess, "I hope it is not true."

"I could venture to say," said the Marquis, "that it *cannot* be true. The Persians had a law, that, when a

man killed his son, he was not to suffer death, if the mother had ever been frail; because it was impossible it could be his son, or he would not have been so unnatural. So I think, in this case, it is not credible that a father can feel any attachment of the kind to his daughter, if she were *really* his own; for nature forbids and revolts from such an idea.

"And I will tell you, that I did hear a vague and ridiculous report about what you mentioned just before I came into the country; but it was so laughable, and so very *outré*, that, as my scandalous chronicle never departs from truth, I did not give it a place. Why, my good Count, Lord Clayton's children are mostly boys: his oldest daughter is a child of about eight years old."

"*C'est possible*," said the Count; "but, from what I understand, it is one

of the Miss Suttons, the daughters his lady had by a *former* protector."

"That can be," said the Marquis, "and that is bad enough, but not quite so bad: and I must say, that I recollect perfectly well, at that birth-day fête that he last gave, his lordship was particularly attentive to one of the Miss Suttons, and never quitted her scarce the whole time I was there: but what of that? The mother seemed highly gratified that he should so notice her daughters; and, as I was just observing to the Duchess, before you came in, that every thing which people in an elevated rank say or do is so exaggerated, that I suppose, soon, I shall not be able to look at my mother or sister, without having it said I am in love with them."

"That *chevelure* of your's, my Lady Duchess, is superb," said the Count:

A Hint on Mustachios.

"Pray do you mean to adopt the new Spanish fashion of wearing mustachios?"

"What can you mean? you strange creature!" said the Duchess.

"Oh! I assure your Grace, two dashing Dowagers of your acquaintance mean to embellish their countenances with them: the Dowager Lady Colverton, really, as her's *en train*.

"But as I am not yet a dowager," said the Duchess, "I do not mean to follow so ugly a fashion. You know how great an admirer I am of every thing that is done by the lovely Duchess of her= Mesborough; but I never could bring myself to smoke a pipe with her." "And yet she was in the very attitude of *smoking* when the Duke first fell in love with her; which gave rise to a number of low puns and idle reports;" said the Marquis. "Not but what I am certain, that,

to get her daughters well married, her Grace of Allingford would teach them to do any thing. She knew the Duke of Mesborough loved his bottle and his pipe with it; and she knew, also, that he dreaded the taking a wife who might be a restraint on those *delicate* pleasures. The pretty Duchess, therefore, we may imagine, learnt to *smoke* by way of self-defence."

The conversation began to flag: the Duchess grew weary, for the Count was by no means brilliant; the town was so empty, that little scandal was abroad; and the Count's visit was to the Marquis, for whom he had been carrying some schemes into effect, about twenty miles off: after dinner the happy opportunity offered of his speaking to the Marquis in private.

In the morning they both set off to carry some love-intrigue into execution

Conclusion.

against an innocent country girl; and, perhaps, to plant an ever-rankling thorn in the bosom of a careful mother. Such, dost thou proudly imagine, High Birth, are thy privileges; and such, fashion and fortune, are thy continual practices in this, our nineteenth century!

A

BOARD OF CRITICISM.

"——Odora canum vis." VIRG.

ONE evening that the Duchess was gone out to a concert at Lord Winterhurst's Villa, with Lady Charlotte, the Committee down-stairs resumed their critical operations; *Mrs. Blump* in the chair. Had we an *Hogarth's* or even a *Smirke's* pencil, we could give a good sketch of the housekeeper, with her lace mob, her true India silk handkerchief thrown with care, and folded with art, on the immense promontory of her bosom, her long-sleeve-gown tuck'd up as it used to be the fashion fifteen years ago, from Cheapside eastward to the Minories, and

her purple jane-shoes peeping significantly under the half-seen dimity-petticoat, and forcing on the sight of the company the instep brilliancy of a mock-diamond in the center of a rose-knot. Mr. Spruce, true to his name, had on his red kerseymere waistcoat edged with brown fur, and sat by her with folded arms, his left thigh thrown negligently over the right that he might more gracefully bend on Mrs. Blump's side, when she chose to address him, which was always done in a sort of an hesitating, stammering kind of a mode. The rest of the tea-party might also give an humorous turn to the descriptive power, but we shall hasten towards the reciting of an anecdote not unlikely to please our readers; it was given by Mr. Spruce, who knew the parties well, and could swear to the truth of the transactions.

He began thus, without any other

preamble than slightly touching Mrs. Blump's left arm with the back of his right hand. "Let me tell you a droll story. Mr. Ford, the linen draper, of Mount-street, had for the partner of his life a very handsome young woman, whom he had married at Hereford, the county-town where he comes from. By her he had two children, but they were both gone, likely to their native place above, that is to Heaven; for the dear cherubs had not lived long enough to imbibe the slighest drop of this world's wickedness." "They died," said Mr. Dubois," "as we call it, *en bas age*, I suppose?" "Very likely," said Miss Betty; and the other maid, by an assenting nod, let them all perceive that she understood Mr. Dubois. "His wife, as I said before, was young and handsome; she had brought him property, and they might have lived very happy, but—"

Mrs. B. I suppose, or, however, I am

bold to say, that she was something of a coquette, and he waxed jealous.

Mr. Spruce. No. She acted always with the utmost propriety, and her husband was perfectly satisfied on *that* head.

Betty. Then she was a Methodist, or a Moravian, or a Baptist, or a Papist, or some such vile thing, that never think as other folks do, and pretend to be exclusively right in their opinion.

Mr. Dubois. *Diable comme vous y allez!* (he would have sworn by some other words, but he never uttered a B. or an F. before the ladies.)

Mr. Spruce. No. You are all wrong in your surmises: she would have had all the good qualities desirable in a wife,

had she not been in the whole extent and signification of the word—a Scold.

Mr. Dubois. Mon dieu! I pity him.

Mrs. Blump. However, as people say, that's better than worse; well then.

Mr. Dubois. Eh! bien! voyons donc.

Mr. Spruce. He bore it extremely well for a long time, till he found that he might pass an evening, after shutting up shop, more comfortably at a Coffee-house than at home, where all questions were peremptorily settled by his wife, *without a division.* One evening as he was coming from his favourite place of *rendez vous,* he met, by mere chance indeed, a well-dressed young woman, of an elegant figure, against whose elbow he brushed inconsiderately. The commotion threw her fan off her hand into the mud, and he was picking it up with a

thousand apologies, when the moon, in her full, peeping from under a cloud, darted the brilliancy of her silver rays on the Lady's face, and manifested beauties of an uncommon rate. The electric shock of lightning is not so sudden as the impression it made upon Mr. Ford, and the effect of it was an irresistible propensity to follow the fair where she chose to lead him. A fine Newfoundland dog used to accompany him wherever he went; and, therefore, faithful to his master, he trod upon their steps till they arrived at a good-looking house at the corner of a square. The bell was rung by the lady; a well dressed footman opened the door; but expecting no fees from the quadruped, took care not to let him in. A room elegantly furnished, with an *ottomane* placed opposite to the chimney-piece, received the well-pleased visitors, who took a light collation, and in their chat forgot the hour. It was then between two and three in the morning. Tired, and well

he might, with waiting, scraping, gaping, and howling under the portico, the dog thought best to go home; and arriving there, threw by his appearance the whole family in a fret, and Mrs. Ford in violent hysterics. "What is the matter?" says one. "Master is murdered, sure enough," says another; "and Sancho comes to tell us." "Ah!" said the shopman, "let me go with the dog, I'll bet you any thing he will lead me straight where master is." Unfortunate thought! however, he sets off, and the dog leads the way: what was his surprise, when after following his *too faithful* guide, he found himself at the door of a certain house of bad fame, not quite unknown to him. His hand was lifting up the knocker, when the door, as if spontaneously, opened, and his master half naked and abashed stood before his eyes. A great reward was offered, by the way, to the shopman to cook up a story to satisfy Mrs. Ford, and the matter was hushed, till

Mr. Ford suspecting that this young servant of his had hinted the truth to his wife, he turned him out of doors."

The Duchess's chariot made a rumbling noise in the neighbourhood, the Committee dissolved, and, since what reflections and judgment were past upon the transactions did not come over to our knowledge, the reader will forgive us if we say no more upon the subject. However, soon after this, a ballad was composed by some wag of the district, and sung all over the town by the street-warblers of the night. It was to the tune of "Down derry down," and began thus:

"Mr. Ford had a dog, and the dog used to follow
"His master wherever he went;
"And safe bring him home, when by chance he got mellow,
"And be praised for his wonderful scent.

"Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Continued.

"One night as the master and dog went a roving,
"And the moon shone full bright on their back;
"The master's sharp elbow, too hastily moving,
"To a lass that went by gave a thwack.

"Derry down, down, down, derry down."

The rest of this most interesting ballad will be found in the Long-lane and Grub-street repertory of popular songs.

LADY RAVENSBURGH.

"Ut ameris, amabilis esto." OVID.

THIS fortunate Lady was, as well as her two sisters, formerly engaged in a very public walk of life; namely, that of the theatrical profession: they had the happiness to be possessed of one of the worthiest and most careful of fathers, by whose fond paternal care, they were vigilantly protected, while they followed that dangerous occupation, for females so young and beautiful as they were. Never did he permit their detention in that school of gaming and dissipation, the green-room, but diligently and unremittingly waited till the performance was over, sheltering them under his fond, parental wing, till he lodged them safe at home.

Calumny, envy, detraction, all their sister fiends, could never, with their united force, raise one injurious report against the virtue, modesty, and truly correct conduct of the Miss Daltons.

Cecilia, the present Lady Ravensburgh, was by no means equal to her sisters in theatrical talents: they were eminent in their profession; but Cecilia had nothing but the beauty of her person to recommend her; and that was sufficient in the eyes of the very gallant manager of one of the two principal theatres.

A want of animation, little idea of the part assigned her, and a small portion of a provincial accent, which, though agreeable and, perhaps, fascinating in itself in private company, will not suit the nice ears of a London audience, seemed inseparable bars to her rising to any degree of eminence in her profession; yet,

Continued.

though she could not interest as a first-rate actresss, her youth, her modesty, and the loveliness of her face and figure, never failed of exciting admiration: and though they were sorry to see those parts assigned her, from the partiality of the Manager, to which a SIDDONS or a SMITH alone can do justice, yet they gave her their plaudits, because they saw that she, unaffectedly, did her best: that she *looked*, at least, what Juliet, what Belvidere, and Monimia must have been,

"Sweet to the sense, and lovely to the eye."

Lord Ravensburgh inherited from his sensible mother a large share of her liberality of mind; he well knew, that no stigma, no meanness, attached itself to the birth of the beauteous Cecilia, but that her ancestors were really gentlemen; and by raising her to the dignity of a coronet, he should reflect honour on his own conduct, and ensure to himself the gratitude and affection of a woman, whom

his heart told him he must ever love; that cruel and indignant idea of wounding her virtuous feelings by a proposal of an handsome settlement, without the forms of marriage, never found a place in his truly noble mind : he thought only how happy he should feel, to snatch her from a scene of life so little calculated for her artless character, and where her beauty was exposed to dangerous and continual temptations; how he should delight a father, zealously anxious for his child's virtue, by thus elevating his, then, sole unmarried daughter to rank and affluence!

The offer of the generous nobleman was received with transport; and Lord Ravensburgh had the peculiar satisfaction of finding, that inclination for his person, more than interest, or the splendid visions of rank and riches, actuated that consent which his Cecilia gave, to accept the high honours he has now raised her to.

Conclusion.

Lady Ravensburgh is elegant and munificent, but she does not seek or court popularity: we do not see her assuming the *ton* of the high, dashing belle of fashion, nor does she lose the amiable and unobtrusive Cecila Dalton in Lady Ravensburgh.

Affable, beloved, doing honour to her high situation in life, she is the delight of her beloved Lord, and the favourite of his family: she lives, in splendour, as becomes her rank; but she does not exceed it; and we have reason to think, Lord Ravensburgh will never regret, but rejoice in that hour which induced him to raise her to it.

MATTHEW MONCKTON, ESQ.

"What are these
So withered, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants of the earth."

MACBETH.

THIS Gentleman is but a young man, though he has long had a seat in the senate. He is well known for the great eminence of his literary talents, though they are of a very eccentric kind.

It is credibly asserted, and believed by many, that when he was a child, an old woman, who was a great favourite in the family, in which she had lived as a nurse, used to be as fond of relating to him, as he was fond of listening to them, various terrific stories of ghosts, witches, and all the frightful train of hobgoblins that she could conjure up from the old musty stores of her memory, and which had been told to her when she herself was a child.

A Romancer and Necromancer.

As he grew older, he soon evinced a very studious turn of mind; but all the leisure hours he could find he devoted to the perusal of old popish legends, the defence of the existence of witchcraft, the science of magic, the corporeal appearance of the devil, and such like works.

The happy turn of elegance which was, however, seated innately in his mind, his charming ear for a peculiar, harmonious, though irregular, species of poetry, evinced themselves in some sweet ballads, which, though they all breathed supernatural agency, yet charmed, interested, and allured every one who had any taste, in spite of their better reason, to be delighted with them.

He has written many volumes; and volumes which evince the deep science of the writer; which contain bold, forcible, and elegant language; but which are

never free from ghosts, magical incantations, and a long train of horrors. Crimes of the most enormous dye, bleeding spectres, and demons with terrific claws, shock the imagination, but almost incline the reader to believe in demoniack fascination, by the witchery of Mr. Moncton's works, which impels them to read on, because he continues, by his charming language, by the sweet poetry he mingles, and by the peculiar interest of the story, to render it impossible for the most morose stoic to close the book, and say, "I am tired of such improbable nonsense, I will read no farther;" no, we feel rather inclined to believe in magic, and are obliged to confess, that she draws her irresistible circle with Monckton's pen round the inchanted readers!

In his theatrical writings he has not been very successful; for this taste prevailing through all his works, it is not

adapted to the *veluti in speculum*, which should always be kept in view, as much as possible, on the stage. In those pieces which have succeeded of this incomparable author's, except in a Venetian story, we own we have been disappointed: a mother's bosom continually pouring a stream of blood creates an horror indescribable, and an uncle being the murderer of his brother, and wading through every sanguinary crime, which nature shudders at, for the possession of his niece, shocks the mind, and throws a terrific gloom over the piece, ill calculated to please a British audience.

Every one has his peculiar *forte*; if this legendary style is really Mr. Monckton's, he does not *bury* his talent; for it increases *ten-fold* with every new work he publishes.

He can be gay and cheerful in private life; why throw such horror into his

writings? He has even ridiculed and parodied some of his ghostly skeleton scenes himself, which shews him to be possessed of sterling irony, and original wit: we think, if he would compose a burlesque novel on the existence of apparitions and art magic, it would afford that infinite pleasure to the reader, which his works, when even undivested of all that fear-creating trash, cannot yet fail to give.

One of his most popular works has characterized him with a ludicrous *sobriquet*, by which he is universally known; every one speaks of him by it; and a bookseller, with a serious face, recommends the work to his customer's perusal, by giving the author that appellation, which he gained from depicting the crimes and priestly pride of a popish recluse.

His private character is truly amiable; and as free from blame as erring mortality

is capable of being: indeed, instances have occurred, which serve to shew that his virtue, according to the system of morals adopted in this age, is as romantic as his ideas, though not so visionary: several might be adduced; we will beg leave to quote one only, which sufficiently proves the grandeur and disinterestedness of his mind.

The widow of a Colonel in the army had written some poems and works of fiction, which were approved by the public, and which shewed the taste and feeling of the writer. An encourager of literature, and possessed of all that true liberality of sentiment, which does not wish, with masculine selfishness, to reserve and monopolize all the pride of learning to the male species alone, he earnestly wished to serve the lady, whose writings had pleased him, but to whose person, only as far as related to what he had heard of it, he was an utter stranger. He heard

she had a son, and he knew how expensive is the education of boys to a mother who had but a limited income, and to which what she might add by the exertions of her talents was very precarious and fluctuating; he, therefore, took the charge and sole expence of her boy's education upon himself; and gave her to understand, through the medium of a friend, that he meant that education should be of the most liberal kind.

The mother of course was impatient to testify her gratitude; and wrote to her benefactor, whom she had never yet seen, to permit her, personally, to express to him the sense she felt of his beneficence. He answered her letter in the most respectful terms; in which he told her, that he required no thanks for what had afforded such infinite satisfaction to his own mind, but begged leave to remark, that her fine person and his own youth might subject her to the idle and malevolent slanders of

the world: he, therefore, requested to decline an interview. Say, ye libertines of fashion, if ever generosity and benevolence were the inmates of your bosom, "to cover your multitude of sins," say, would ye have acted thus? No! perhaps, the fine person of the widow might rather have been the chief motive which actuated such as you to patronize her son!

Mr. Monckton has generally in his writings, and always in his actions, morality in view; he chiefly paints the rapid gradation of vice in the human mind, and how its first approaches ought, consequently, to be avoided; but he too often makes virtue suffer: and though his vicious characters are awfully punished in the end, yet through them the virtuous experience the most dreadful and bitter calamities.

The human mind early receives those impressions, which mark either the ac-

Continued.

tions, the thoughts, or the writings, when it arrives to maturity; we do not positively assert as a fact, what we have heard, of Mr. Monckton taking his early bent from the superstitious tales of an old nurse, but it is more than probable that such report has its foundation in veracity.

The impulse he has received and taken is not a guilty nor destructive one, but it has in it a species of absurdity; and had he not the advantage of uncommon fine intellects, and finished education, what he imbibed in his infancy might have rendered him ridiculous, weak-minded, and the continual victim of blind superstition. We are naturally too much inclined to believe whatever is mysterious or supernatural; and this observation, which we heard often from the mouth of one of the highest characters this nation possesses, in this moment is but too true, that is, " let a man invent a story, suppose it as ridiculous as possible, as incre-

Conclusion.

dible as ridiculous, if, by way of amusement, or through any wish of quizzing his friend, he relates it, and hawks it about, and often in company, the probable, natural, unavoidable consequence will be, that HE, at last, WILL BELIEVE IT HIMSELF."

LADY LAURESTON.

"Grand Dieu ! que le cœur d'une mere
Est un bel ouvrage du tien ! BERQUIN.

Is the human bosom alive to pity for suffering virtue, deeply injured conjugal fidelity, and maternal love ? and is it ever warmed with honest indignation against triumphant vice, or against the cruelty of the sex styled superior and protecting ? Then let sweet compassion drop the softest though most copious of her tears on the fate of the late Lady Laureston; and may contempt and bitterest disgust spurn her cruel husband, and she who now disgraces her title, and fills that place, from whence her predecessor was prematurely and for ever driven !

The late Lady Laureston was, we believe, but little indebted to rank or fortune before her marriage with her unworthy Lord; but she was richly endowed with beauty, amiability, and many rare accomplishments. O man ! what art thou

made of? inconstancy is, surely, the most prevalent ingredient in thy composition: for, in the first instance, Lord Laureston must have loved his first lady, to wed her with what are called by wealth and title such great disadvantages as the want of them: but, perhaps, it was only the momentary spark of passion, miscalled love, which kindles into that temporary flame, confining itself to personal charms alone, and is soon extinguished.

The conduct of his Lordship too plainly shews, that her mental endowments could not fix his fickle heart; for soon after she had presented him with an heir to his title and estates, she experienced from him a series of infidelities, barbarity, and every species of cruelty.

There are women, we are sorry to say, and women too belonging to illustrious families, who disgrace their noble pedi-

gree, as well as their sex; and scruple not to indulge themselves in the most licentious freedoms.

One of this daring and indelicate cast was a Miss Carisbroke; who, dashing through forms, and setting every public opinion at defiance, openly encouraged the addresses of Lord Laureston; and, indeed, they shewed themselves congenial souls in depravity.

Decorum, the least remaining atom of female modesty, the censure of the world, were all disregarded and trampled under foot, or rather all swallowed up in the vortex of a criminal passion; and Miss Carisbroke actually took up her residence in the house of her lover, Lord Laureston. His mild tempered, his sweetly modest, but heart-broken lady, doted on her child, on that sweet innocent, yet untainted with the vices of fashionable life.

She is obliged to quit the House.

A woman, whose mind was the seat of refined delicacy and gentleness, after the cruel outrage she had received, could not be supposed to love an husband so depraved, so abandoned, any longer. The full tide of affection, then, in a warm and tender heart, naturally flowed in all its force towards her darling infant: and for *his* sake she thought she could endure any affliction. She, therefore, let her grief silently feed, with corroding tooth, on her susceptible and deeply wounded heart; and though her anguish hourly increased, she would not quit the mansion of her Lord, for, if she did, she must then quit her child.

But gross sensuality could not bear in its presence, nor even under the same roof, the personification of delicacy, nor that beauty which takes her seat chiefly in the mind; and Lady Laureston found herself compelled by him who was denominated, and who ought to have been,

her natural protector, to quit his house for ever! In vain she implored, most piteously implored, he would grant her her child; he was deaf to all her pleadings, all her supplications; and she was thus not only bereft of an honourable home, which she had adorned by her virtues, but she was cruelly torn from all that now rendered that home supportable to her, from that helpless and yet guiltless creature in whom all the affections of her soul were centered.

Her spirit might still be said to remain in that nursery, where she had past the greatest portion of her time, when the other apartments of her house had become hateful to her, from the depraved conduct of those who reigned and revelled there in all the insolence of the most audacious and open licentiousness.

After she was driven from this polluted, this once noble mansion, her fragile form

at times hovered round it; anxiously casting a searching eye, that it might catch a transient glance of her boy! Fixed on the windows of childhood's innocent abode, she cast not a look or a thought downwards on the splendid vice which occupied the truly inferior apartments.

Gentle, delicate, timid, easily checked, when self only was in question, she bowed, submissively, to any evil that Providence might chuse to inflict on her; but that she might behold her beloved son, and press him to her fond maternal bosom, she persevered with that unremitting courage which nature gives to the most fearful living creatures, when she warms their breasts with love for their offspring. Strong were the intreaties of the unhappy Lady Laureston, and frequently did she repeat them, that she might only be allowed the felicity of *seeing* her child! Her stern and unrelent-

ing husband strenuously forbad it; and not only refused this natural request, but, with the partner of his guilt, added the most contemptuous insults to the cruel denial.

What are we to suppose could be the education of the son of such a father? It is a painful task to depict such a character as Lord Laureston, yet such there are, and such are permitted to live in affluent vice, while suffering virtue becomes their victim.

Early prejudiced by Lord Laureston, and his infamous coadjutor, against his inestimable mother, the youth, on his quitting the nursery, imbibed the seeds of hatred and malevolence towards the suffering author of his being. This very child, for whom she had endured so much, for whose sake she had braved insult, oppression, nay, had even courted them to obtain an interview with him, though but for

a few moments; though even only to *behold* him; yes, the hand trembles as it writes it, this very child in all the warm sensibility of youthful nature, just ripening into manhood, was guilty of an action, which if even practised against an indifferent person of the opposite sex, is a disgrace to the name of man! But, urged by his unnatural father, he actually aimed a blow at his angelic, his unhappy, MOTHER!

The blow, the more than *brutal* blow, did not really fall on her hallowed person; but, alas! all its force fell on her irreparably wounded heart!

Bleeding already "at every agonized pore," the fatal work was finished! The only remaining string that attached it to life was severed and snapped asunder by him to whom she gave life and being, and for whom she would willingly, at any time, have given her own!

Her Death.

Such a crime as this son was guilty of seems to admit neither of palliation nor excuse; but candour should ever guide the pen devoted to the cause of truth: the mind of youth is prone to every impression which education may give to it: the heir of Laureston never knew the good qualities of his virtuous and lovely mother; on the contrary, he was never permitted to see her, and was early taught to dislike her; his tutors were vile as his tuition.

He was never taught the principles of virtue, either by example or precept; nor was he ever shewn the amiability of natural affection. What he will be, in future, we cannot prophecy; but we hope some portion of the suffering angel, his mother, is blended in his composition, which will render him not altogether unworthy the high station he will one day fill.

Conclusion.

Shortly after the death of his amiable wife, Lord Laureston united himself in marriage to his kindred soul. Ancient undisputed title, rank, and riches, are sufficient in these easy times to ensure not only a passport, but an hearty welcome, in splendid and fashionable societies; nay, even the strictly chaste and correct are sometimes found in the present Lady Laureston's company; but we presume, they are not thoroughly acquainted with her former reprehensible conduct, nor know, in its full extent, the history of her whose place she now unworthily fills, and whom she so deeply and cruelly injured.

MRS. BUFF,

IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

"Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent." SENECA.

ON a beautiful summer evening, when blazing his adieu to the metropolis, the sun in a purple ocean of light was sinking gradually behind the well grouped trees of Kensington-garden, and the milk-white heifers of Green-park were lowing at the rail-gate, Mrs. Buff sat herself down on a bench, and cried.—Alas! poor dear mother! Surely she has lost that beautiful angel, her little daughter, who was the pet of every one who frequented the house.—No, the girl is well and bids fair to continue so.—Well then! her husband is less kind to her, and her warm and faithful heart cannot bear those unexpected signs of coldness.—

No; union, sympathy, love, are still the inmates of their conjugal roof, and she has no reason to complain.—I conclude, therefore, that their fortune by some unforeseen accident is considerably decreased; and, perhaps, she is afraid of reading soon her husband's name in the Gazette.—No! indeed, their trade is as flourishing as ever, and there is on that head no occasion for fear or anxiety—Oh! I know, now. She has lost a near relation, and the immense legacies she is entitled to, are not, to a mind so liberal, to a heart so tender, any compensation for the loss of a friend. —No, no! Mrs. Buff was invited to a ball this evening, and the Milliner has disappointed her. That is all.

GRADUAL REFORMATION.

"*Virtus est vitium fugere, et sapientia prima*
Stultitiâ caruisse." HORAT.

"'Tis the first virtue vices to abhor,
And the first wisdom to be fool no more." POPE.

THE Marquis of Waltham returned not to enliven the solitude of his mother so soon as she expected him from his amorous pursuit; where, we are sorry to say, he fatally succeeded. Lady Charlotte, the interesting and amiable Charlotte alone, remained for the period he was absent; and endeavoured, by every means in her power, to lighten the sometimes sad and cheerless moments of her parent; she even threw a kind of gay levity into her discourse and manner, the better to please her; but, though higly sensible of the motive which actuated her, the Duchess perceived it was not natural to

her, and liked her better in her real character.

When once the mind gives this applause to virtue, it imperceptibly becomes better: the Duchess found, though late, the charms of it. She could now no longer behold the lustre or the fashion of her brilliants, nor the new form of a bonnet or turban, which had formerly been shewn to no one till her Grace of Pyrmont had first seen it; these vanities had passed by, never to return; and the gratification of being dressed, solely to be admired and copied by others, began every day to lose its charms.

She had received a polite and finished education, and though her *mind* was weak, her *head* was by no means so; she reflected in how few years time flattery could no longer be dealt out to her, without the appearance of the most insolent *quizzing*. She, therefore, found herself

in the last month of her seclusion, in possession of a quiet species of content, almost bordering on regret, that it would be so soon over! She loved her Charlotte, now, with the most sincere affection; and she began to find pleasure in the sweet emotions of maternal tenderness. The Duchess of Pyrmont had been proud, vain, to a degree of folly; pleased with the outward adulation of different men, she set a much higher value on their flatteries, than on the regard of her husband; but she had never been criminal; her pride, her high rank, and her visible age had kept her, notwithstanding her beauty, from solicitations of an amorous nature; this world, its pleasures, and all its most costly expensiveness had ever been her supreme, indeed, her only, delight; now, her satirical disposition could no longer criticise a rival beauty's dress and ornaments; no more could she see the needy, handsome nobleman purposely pointing his eyes in seeming adoration on

her faded charms; the splendid spectacle of the Opera boxes, and the glittering birth-day drawing-room were shut out for ever! She might be told, that she was the best and most tastefully attired lady there; she might be deceived. The *rouge* could not possibly be so delicately shaded on her cheek, as she herself had been used to dispose it; her *chevelure* might be placed awry; the malicious might laugh at it, and how could she remedy the cause of their ridicule?

She found she must endeavour to search for some pleasures of the mind, where the eye seeks not the gratification of splendour and show: first, she diligently applied herself to her music; it proved to her a source of never-failing comfort; and she always played well, but now better than ever; her ear became more sensibly alive to the nice and correct magic of sounds, and the heaven-created science harmonized her mind: yet she could not

entirely forget, that once, when seated at her harp, the star and ribbon-decked flatterers have styled her a Cecilia and a Muse; she sometimes fancied too, that as she played so much better than she did at that time, she would, as blind, be now more interesting: but these were only the remaining dying sparks of vanity, which yet did not kindle into the flame, that could consume the solid virtue which was gaining strength each day in her mind; and which, like the metal, gold, mocks all the efforts of destroying fire.

"Charlotte, my love," said she, one evening, "read to me some of those sweet verses you found last week among the extracts you had collected: I mean to desire Kelly, my favourite composer, to set a few stanzas of them to music." Lady Charlotte complied with the request of her mother; and some of those verses, though they *may* have been seen before by the public eye, we cannot for-

bear giving them a place here; as many of our readers may not have perused them: to *every* reader they must be acceptable and pleasing; as they mark, so well, the delicacy and feeling of the noble writer. The lines specified by inverted commas are those the Duchess of Pyrmont gave orders to be set to music.

The Appeal of a deserted Wife to her Husband.

"Ah! good my Lord, what is the dire pretence,
"That draws your high displeasure on my head?
"Witness this heart, unconscious of offence,
"Witness the blameless life I still have led.

A mother's love, a father's shelt'ring dome,
My friends, my country, I for thee resign'd!
In Albion hop'd to find another home,
Nor miss those social joys I left behind.

My fond heart whisper'd, as I cross'd the main,
Go, happy female, whom the Fates approve;
Go, in a tender husband's bosom reign,
And taste the raptures of his country's love!

Sentimental Poetry.

"Since first we met, I watch'd your ev'ry look,
"My dearest hopes, your heart's fond love to share;
"Each wish, each motion, from your eye I took,
"Liv'd on your smiles, and griev'd in all your care.

I challenge all the spite of sland'rous tongues;
Why cast me off?—What is the cruel plea?
Ah! Heav'n forgive the cause of all my wrongs,
The artful fair, that steals your heart from me!

If aught you heed the voice of future time,
Say, will it shew the brave, the manly part,
To wound that breast, whose weakness is its crime,
And urge your triumph o'er a broken heart?

I to a gen'rous public leave my cause;
Be mine the task, and suffer and to die!
Be your's the worthless minion's vain applause,
Too dearly purchas'd by reflection's sigh.

"Alas! you heed me not, you shun my sight!
"Vain are my plaints, no more this face can charm!
"Yet once my soft endearments could delight,
"Yet on my lips your vows of faith are warm!"

"By that true faith you at the altar swore,
"By all the mem'ry of endearments past,
"Yet ONE APPEAL remains!—one trial more,—
"And trust me, that APPEAL shall be my last!

The last Appeal.

" Look on that smiling babe, first pledge of love ;
" Her bosom has not learnt, like mine, to bleed ;
" Yet more her helpless innocence may move,
" Her speechless eloquence may better plead."

C——e.

After the Duchess had heard the above lines, with an emotion of virtuous tenderness for the suffering writer, and a regret, not unaccompanied with indignation, that one really alive to feminine merit should be yet blind to such intrinsic worth, she asked her daughter if she had any thing new to read to her ! " Nothing *very* new," replied Lady Charlotte, " but amongst other papers, I found some sketches of characters penned by Philip ; which, if you please, I will now give your Grace :" and she did, nearly in the following manner.

AUGUSTUS RYMINGTON, ESQ.

"Dat veniam corvis vexat censura columbas."

To dispel the mists of prejudice; to rescue the human character from undeserved calumny, and destroy, if possible, the venal froth of partial and fulsome adulation, have been the chief motives which have actuated the writers of these pages.

Such laudable reasons make us step forward to mitigate the odium cast upon the principles of Mr. Rymington, from the unmerited and cruel reproaches which the partizans of the debauched Lord Linwood have so unmercifully heaped upon him.

To deviate a little from the present object of this biographical sketch, we

beg leave to remark, *en passant*, that Lord Linwood was repellant in his person, depraved in his mind, and by no means tolerable in his manners, nor in his outward deportment, when the lovely Miss Northwood was sacrificed by parental avarice to him, just after he had attained the age of fifty, she that of nineteen.

She became elevated in rank; but there is yet a more dangerous eminence for a female to have gained an ascendency to, often dangerous both in its causes and effects; from its stupendous height, the fall from it becomes not only doubly destructive, but the debased victim finds no helping or pitying hand to afford the smallest comfort or assistance, when fatally precipitated from the exalted summit.

To drop all metaphorical expressions, we mean that overgrown pride, which is

baneful in its effects, because it teaches the destined victim of a wealthy, but ill-assorted union, blindly to bow to any decree inflicted by parental authority; and to bend to it, without any painful acquiescence, but to let filial duty swallow up every particle of regret.

Such was Miss Northwood when she became the apparently happy bride of Lord Linwood; and such she long continued the pride of her sex, while his Lordship was the envy of his own.

A series of libertinism had, more than his years, reduced Lord Linwood to only the shadow of what he had been; Lady Linwood proved herself to him a tender, an excellent, and unremittingly attentive nurse; and, to perform this office to worn-out and yet continued depravity, seemed to be the inevitable doom of Lady Linwood.

Fatally, for her future peace, and the tarnishing of her hitherto immaculate fame, but happily for the replenishing of his Lordship's coffers, he renewed an acquaintance, when abroad, with a gentleman, between whom and Lord Linwood there had long before existed an intimacy: this gentleman was Mr. Rymington.

Mr. Rymington has been branded with the character of being a man, whose chief aim is the seduction of the female mind and person; and that, to pursue this his favourite system, is his sole delight: the result of his conduct, on a late occasion, shews the accusation to be groundless, and the invectives of his enemies bitter and malicious. Though he deviated, in a very glaring instance, from the path of rectitude—and who is blameless? he has acted like a man of true honour in the conclusion; and has made every reparation in his power. He was

not, as has been suspected, the cherished guardian placed by an *adoring husband* over a frail wife's honour ; but particular circumstances, and those of a nature to befriend her Lord, brought them frequently into each other's society ; when his Lordship's situation, at that time, rendered it impossible he could be present, and the visits of Mr. Rymington to his Lady were those which were the necessary result of friendly exertions to draw Lord Linwood out of his predicament.

Mr. Rymington has been falsely accused of pointing out to Lady Linwood, how grossly she was injured, and how shamefully neglected by her Lord: we believe the severe convincing proofs she experienced needed not the aid of any friend to *point them out* to her! nor was the polite and graceful Mr. Rymington the man to advice her "*to take her revenge,*" as some hireling scribblers have affirmed.

How bewitching is the Smile of a sensible Man.

The virtuous, well-protected, and well-used wife, should imagine herself placed in the situation of a young tender-hearted female, as yet unacquainted with the passion of love, and in the habitual daily intercourse of friendship, heightened by the sincerest gratitude on her part, though, for indefatigable endeavours to serve a faithless and unkind husband! and this continual society was with a man, whose elegant accomplishments were unrivalled, and his manners dangerously insinuating.

The approaches of the mind towards kindred refinement in that of a female are far more insidious and penetrating than from the prepossessions excited by a beautiful exterior. The person of Mr. Rymington is rather plain than otherwise, but his smile is bewitching, and touches while it instantly reaches the heart.

His education has been of the most

profound and polished kind: at that university in which he was a student, he was known, like another *Chrichton*, to carry off every prize in the different branches of learning: equally acquainted with the dead, as well as living, languages, he unites to this depth of erudition all those ornamental accomplishments of fashion, by many deemed frivolous; but which, when excelled in, as by Mr. Rymington, strike the wondering mind with a degree of enthusiastic admiration: besides, the more trifling acquirements of Mr. Rymington were all of the most elegant kind; and all skilfully and scientifically performed.

He was not *fashionably* famous for exposing the organ of the auricular sense of the *donkey*, by cropping close that wise defence, which nature has given him against a species of fly, that peculiarly infests that patient animal; and who, when he is thus cropped, and kept fat

and sleek, to gratify the vanity of his owner, is made to run races, draw the new-invented carriages of folly, or amble under the titled demirep: no; Mr. Rymington's polite acquirements chalked out a different circle of amusements. He rode the sprightly courser with equestrian elegance; he danced with grace and agility; and though he passed not whole mornings, like some certain noblemen, in endeavouring to give melody to the *Jew's-harp,* he struck the chords of harmony with the science of a professed *amateur*, and excelled as a musician.

Now it has been said, that this accomplished man's *sole* object was to undermine an hapless woman's peace; *hapless*, indeed, we acknowledge she was, in every sense of the word; and it is to be lamented that she did so much discredit to her former character of unsullied virtue; it is certainly to be deplored, that she broke the ties of conjugal fidelity,

and sought, by illicit means, to forget her wretched situation: but if mortals are to be free from frailty, if true perfection is to be the lot of erring mortality, then angels are our inferiors, and OMNIPOTENCE loses its most sacred attributes of Mercy and Forgiveness.

When Lady Linwood was found guilty, the most enormous damages from Mr. Rymington were assigned to her much more guilty, her negligent, and depraved husband; but though Mr. Rymington paid these exorbitant damages (to one who is particularly eager to assert his right to *marry again!!!*) he is not ungrateful for, nor satiated with, possession: he has proved, that the mind was his object more than the perishable charms of Lady Linwood's person; and we cannot forbear repeating that he has now made all amend in his power for his fault; he has willingly and instantly married her, as soon as the decision of the law

Conclusion.

rendered it practicable. Far be it from us to palliate, in any sense or way whatsoever, the heinous crime he has been so unfortunate as to perpetrate, yet no one has a right to say, as it was uttered in court, that seduction is the chief delight of Mr. Rymington, or that his *sole* desire was "to undermine the peace of Lady Linwood's mind:" nor can they deny, that, whatever may be his faults, he is still possessed of a feeling heart and unexampled generosity.

THE FORMER MRS. ASHFORD.

"— Cum magnis virtutibus affers,
Grande supercilium."— Juv. Sat. 6.

A SHORT time ago, a gentleman in the prime, and almost bloom, of life, united himself to the above lady, then *fast* declining towards the winter of her's; and who, though she was still lovely, we pronounce him a bold man, to venture on a marriage with one who had so glaringly violated the priuciples of conjugal fidelity.

During the first few years that she was the beloved and cherished wife of Colonel Ashford, from whom she has been long divorced, she was one of those *outrageously* virtuous ladies, who shrunk from every appearance of levity and imprudence; but we have often found those ladies shew themselves the least to be

trusted, when opportunity occurs to them of pleasing their capricious inclinations.

Mrs. Ashford was beautiful; she was the idol of an adoring and most indulgent husband: the regiment which he commanded was quartered in a town remarkable for its expence, and its vicinity to a favourite residence of royalty. HE, who is justly acknowledged the most accomplished scholar, and the finest of all fine gentlemen, while he is the most exalted in rank, once requested the hand of Mrs. Ashford at a ball, given in the above-mentioned town. This honour her excessive prudence made her decline; and she deprived herself of her favourite exercise, sat still the whole evening, and received, from all the grave votaries of the old school, that praise which her meritorious and correct conduct so amply, as they expressed themselves, deserved: while a few free-thinking ladies thought it a fastidious pride, and an high

self-conviction of her personal charms, which must, of consequence, make her the natural subject of scandal, because she danced with so great a man.

We cannot forbear saying, that we are apt to lean a little to the opinion of these latter-mentioned female censors; it was certainly an overacted part of prudential preciseness; the wife of a Colonel in the army, who was a man also of private rank and family, was by no means (in a provincial town especially) an unfit partner for one, though he was very many degrees of precedency above her husband. The gentleman, it is well known, could not meet his equal there, in point of birth; and as he chose to honour her by singling her out, we think there was more pride and affectation of prudent delicacy in refusing him, than there would have been modest frankness and good breeding, if she had graciously accepted him as a partner.

She falls in Love.

Soon after this event, she cast the eyes of affection on a very young cornet in her husband's regiment.

His person and manners had a coxcomical and frenchified appearance. The husband of Mrs. Ashford was some years older than herself, but was handsome, manly, and every way pleasing and prepossessing in his behaviour to every one; to her he was the most kind and generous of husbands.,

For some time her intrigue was carried on with this favourite youth, with all that precaution which we may suppose a woman of her character knew so well how to adopt. But the vanity of a man of fashion does not teach him to be very silent on those occasions; and she being the handsomest woman in the country, the gentlemen all envied him that good fortune he wished them to understand he enjoyed: those thought-

less females, whose conduct Mrs. Ashford had formerly censured in her days of puritanism, now triumphed; and she was often hailed by them, in public, with a kind of equivocal arch smile, as much as to say, "We know what!"

Still the happy lover was afraid to tell all; for fear of the revenge which might be taken on him by an injured husband: he only gave broad hints, and shrugged away the lady's reputation, especially to her female friends; for from them he expected most applause, a surer welcome, and more established fame, in the annals of polite gallantry.

Soon he found comfort and protection in the articles of war. Colonel Ashford had lately brought a very troublesome and querulous officer to the chastisement of a public reprimand, for a breach of that article which forbids the giving and provoking challenges: this recent reproof

could not then immediately be done away, by the Colonel transgressing against this article he had but just so powerfully enforced; and it had been a standing joke in the regiment, but like many other jokes, mostly true, that the articles of war were the bible of the commanding officer.

Cornet Stanhope longed for notoriety in this criminal affair: he had a father, who treated morality as hypocrisy, and laughed at it both in his precepts and practice; he, therefore, had nothing to dread from his anger or reproaches; and being immensely rich, he did not tremble at the idea of heavy damages.

This event, then, the youth reflected, must be made public. What a conquest to give him favour with the ladies! The conquest over the beauty and virtue of a *Mrs. Ashford!*

He did not let the deluded fair one rest

till she consented to elope from him: she had often been in the habit of taking morning airings with Mr. Stanhope; nothing could be suspected, and he made use of all the sophistry such a being is capable of. She was infatuated; and, in her eyes, he was all perfection. Yet one painful struggle she experienced, when about to quit her husband's roof and protection; for

"One lovely girl the lady bore."

This tie was not easily broken by a fond parent; and, on the very morning of her guilty elopement, the child crossed the hall, and begged, with infantine persuasion, she might accompany her mother in her morning's ride: and, when denied, she said, "Naughty Mr. Stanhope! I don't love you; I used to go out with mamma; and now you are always taking her away, and will not let me go with you."

What must have been her feelings when she was conscious that, most probably, she was quitting her daughter for ever! She drew back, turned pale, and her resolution, as well as her form, began to totter. Mr. Stanhope almost dragged her to the post-chaise, which stood in waiting; in which she threw herself, and burst into an agony of grief: but yet she went! She accompanied her seducer, who had obtained leave of absence, the day before, from his Colonel; who little thought the deep and cruel injury his officer had inflicted upon him! Too soon the fatal conviction came home to his astonished mind! too soon he found all his domestic comforts blighted for ever! The law, in this case, was obliged to take its course; and Mr. Stanhope and Mrs. Ashford were decidedly pronounced guilty.

She was yet so handsome, that she still gave consequence to her criminal lover;

and all the gentlemen declared him *the happiest dog in the world*, to be blessed in the possession of such a woman, and to come off so cheaply; for the damages were not so high as might be reasonably expected in such a case; nor was he yet weary of the charms and accomplishments of Mrs. Ashford.

He entered her lodgings on the day the the trial was closed, gave a triumphant huzza, and fervently embraced her; expressed his happiness at being found, what the jury denominated, guilty; for, that she was, in consequence, now entirely his own.

She had trampled virtue and duty under foot; she gaily returned the embrace, drove away the remembranceof her daughter and her past happiness from her mind, and consented to accompany her present *protector*, in guilty triumph, to a famous sea-port town, in a post-

chaise-and-four, with two out-riders, in their full uniform, soldiers belonging to her husband's regiment, and who then happened to be on furlough.

Soon after this, he, for whom she had sacrificed all her bapppiness, all the unsullied purity of a once spotless character, despised and totally abandoned her, leaving her to suffer, amongst the anguished tortures of her reflecting mind, the dreadful prospect of absolute want.

At this period of her life, had she known all that the writers of these pages are acquainted with, she might have learned most fully to appreciate the value of that generous heart, which she had so lawlessly thrown away. Here, unexampled, unheard of beneficence, from a quarter, of all others, whence she had the least right to expect it, was dealt out to her.

Though Colonel Ashford was resolved never to see her more, he was determined she should never, on the desertion of her lover, (an event which he knew was sure to follow, from the futility of his unprincipled character,) know a want of the comforts and conveniences of life, and so plunge herself deeper in guilt, or be tempted to commit any act of despair : he, therefore, by means of a faithful and confidential friend, made himself acquainted with all her movements, her wants and embarrassments. When he found her abandoned and forsaken by him in whom she had placed her mistaken confidence, he took care, on finding out her lodgings, to supply her amply with provisions ; with plain, though good and genteel, clothing, a small allowance of pocket-money, and sufficient every quarter to pay her rent and servant.

These donations were left at the door, with the domestic, directed to her, as

She marries again.

Mrs. Ashford; on the inside of the first parcel of clothes and money she received was written, "You are to ask no question of the bearer of any parcel, or articles of house-keeping, grocery, &c. which may be, in future, addressed to you, otherwise, they will cease to be sent you, from your unknown, and, to you, ever-invisible friend."

We suppose her sincere repentance, and exemplary conduct, during the period that she lived in this manner, ignorant that she was supported by her injured husband, and which was for several years, induced the gentleman, who has lately made her his partner for life, to overlook the past guilty transaction, which we believe to be the only one she ever committed.

She is well capable of adorning the marriage state; and we hope her present husband will have no cause to repent his

Conclusion.

casting off that prejudice, which found a place against her in almost every bosom: for in her former marriage she was so peculiarly blessed, in the possession of an husband good, almost, beyond example, that though in behalf of feminine weakness we are ever ready and desirous of employing the most liberal candour, yet we know not how to apologize for, or excuse, the faulty step she took, in betraying such worth and generosity; and destroying the happiness of him, who seemed to live only for that of his wife and daughter.

THE HON. MR. MELVINGTON.

Per Scelera semper Sceleribus certum est iter. SENEC.

LADY Gayfield, who drew the sources of her education from the modern philosophers, and all the higher classes of epicurean disciples of dissipation and pleasure, in France, and embraced all their depraved tenets when they threw off the yoke of morality and their lawful government, was a female who had long attached herself to her kindred soul, Mr. Melvington: in defiance of modesty and decorum, she lived with him some years, and publickly acknowledged him her favoured lover.

She had a beautiful and blooming daughter; lovely in personal, but not likely to have many mental, charms, with the conduct of such a mother before

her eyes, who continually set her so vile an example.

Lady Monimia Torrington, the daughter of the Countess of Gayfield, had not very long been married to a Mr. Sunderland, who had the misfortune to kill his antagonist in a duel; the result of a jealous quarrel about a cherished favourite.

Mr. Sunderland, to avoid taking his trial for murder, was obliged to play at hide-and-seek for a considerable time, during which Lady Monimia Sunderland resided with her mother; where Mr. Melvington had frequent opportunities of undermining her inclinations, rendering himself as irresistibly agreeable as possible to her, and succeeded in making some interest in her affections, although she knew he was really in possession of her mother's heart. As to Lady Gayfield, she perceived his attentions, but was no more jealous of her *daughter* than she would

have been of any other woman; the idea conveyed no other horror to her mind than the dread of losing her lover.

We are told that such partnership among the very vitiated females in France is by no means uncommon; and it is no extraordinary thing, there, to see a mother and daughter at daggers drawn about the same equally favoured gallant; who, if they happen to be rich and give splendid *fêtes* at the *maison des delices*, are received into numerous parties, though they may be convinced of their guilt: we had hoped such refinement on wickedness could never have obtained a place in this country, where a *sense* of delicacy and honour are yet to be found, even among the most faulty. But such was the conduct of Lady Gayfield, her daughter, and their lover.

The Countess was soon convinced that a criminal correspondence was carrying

on between her daughter and Mr. Melvington; and she set spies to watch all their steps; desirous to detect and be revenged, if possible, both on her gallant and Lady Monimia.

A confidential footman, seeing Mr. Melvington and Lady Monimia go out together, watched them; and traced them, till he saw them step into an hackney coach: he followed at a little distance, and then jumpt up behind, as if he had been their servant in waiting; taking care to get down, when he found the coach about to make an halt; then narrowly watching it, he saw the guilty pair enter an house, notorious for receiving nocturnal visitors of both sexes, and indeed any illicit lovers at all times in the day.

The man waited at the door till they came out: he then approached the lady, and these words escaped him, from the immediate impulse of his heart; "Oh!"

Lady Monimia! I am sorry to see you come out of such an house as this!"

Terror, shame, guilt, all conspired their force to almost annihilate the criminal daughter: she sunk, in a death-like state, into the arms of Mr. Melvington; who, determining to make sure of his prize, and trust to the chance of his tenderness and attentions to recall her fleeting spirits, hurried her in that state to an hackney coach, and they were heard of no more at their respective homes.

And is there no law against such acts as these? Cannot it, in such an instance, touch such highly culpable offenders? If it cannot, their crime is equally flagrant, and must sooner or later meet its retribution.

Savages, in untaught, unsophisticated nature, would blush at the vices that disgrace

many of the refined and elegant votaries of fashionable and polished life. Mr. Melvington has not only been culpable in seducing a wife, but he has committed a worse crime, in the double guilt of his connexion with both mother and daughter.

When we turn over the characters we have penned, we are shocked to behold how many of them have been known at Westminster Hall, for violated rites of hospitality, and for breach of the marriage vow: it is not only the old, who cry out on the laxity of morals, in this age, the reflecting youth, also, who has been happily brought up to a love of virtue, and who turns from vice with abhorrence, sees, with deep regret, that she is daily and hourly establishing her throne among us.

Serious and philosophical old gentlemen, who have lived beloved in the bo-

Continued.

soms of their families, without a wish to wander from

"That dear hut, their home,"

And who reside much in the country, when they do visit town, observe with great satisfaction, in the unsuspecting honesty of their hearts, that our streets are not so much infested with abandoned women as formerly: we wish this were owing to the amendment of morals in our nation: but, alas! we fear it proceeds from a very different cause; and a certain Colonel, who has not long ago published his life and eccentric opinions, facetiously, but very pointedly and justly, says, that the *modest* women have encroached on the privileges of the Cyprian corps.

The cherished, and perhaps, in many degrees, prudent mistress of a valued friend, hitherto living for one alone, and a stranger to depravity; the beauteous

wife of another; better please the refined sensualist than the unhappy female, betrayed first by man to the continual traffic of her personal charms to secure her from absolute want. He nourishes the criminal passion, takes no pains to check it in its growth, destroys the conjugal tie, and fancies himself, for awhile, free from danger of every kind; and often free of *expence*, also, till the heavy damages of thousands ring in his ear.

The fashionable husband, seldom satisfied with one, publicly sports his *chere amie* in a dashing phaeton; and drives her even under the windows of his wife's dressing-room; yet one, perhaps, though modest, not possessed of Lucretian virtue, might never have been faithless, but from the insolent neglect of her husband.

The pangs of her bosom, resulting from his contempt of her person, give birth to the idea of vengeance. The

masked profligate, under the garb of friendship, sees his time, and profits by it: the husband, the first in fault, then finds his *honour* wounded; and he has recourse to the forms of the law, as he finds *them* best calculated for his present purposes; he takes good care to have ample and incontestable proofs of his disgrace, and the damages he gains enable him to support his mistresses in still greater splendour: and when the ill-got price of his own and his wife's public shame is expended on their rapacity and extravagance, he then goes in *his* turn to destroy the peace and harmony of families,

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

"Cædimus, inque vicem præbemus crura flagellis;
"Vivitur hoc pacto." PERS.

IT now wanted about a fortnight to the time, when the Duchess of Pyrmont, and her suite, would quit their present abode, and go for a short time to some fashionable watering-place, or repair to London. When one morning, about four o'clock, the family were awakened by a loud ringing at the gate; and the Marquis of Waltham arrived post from his late guilty excursion.

Successful, satiated by six weeks possession only, he had sent the weeping victim of his seductive arts to her parents; promised to procure her a good husband, but laughed at her folly, when she could imagine him to be serious, at his solemnly swearing before the fall of her virtue, he himself would be that husband.

The injured father overtook him on his road home; and after giving vent to his passionate grief, was obliged to return the dupe of the Marquis's sophistry, who thought himself well off to get rid of the afflicted parent, by giving him a check on his banker for four hundred pounds, as a marriage portion for his deluded daughter.

The noble family did not meet at breakfast: a few hours before dinner the Marquis made his appearance; and though he had been at great pains to adorn himself, he looked very ill: a kind of guilty triumph, mingled with a considerable portion of shame, sat on his countenance; and his downcast eye appeared fearful of meeting that of purity in his virtuous sister; this shewed his mind not totally void of sensibility, and he really did feel something like remorse for the baneful part he had been acting. Lady Charlotte could not help saying she thought he did not

look well: he stammered, attributed it to fatigue, and changed the subject by asking, if they should be alone that evening?

"Entirely so," said the Duchess; "and I do not know, my dear Philip, what we should have done without you; for Charlotte has read all the sketches you left with her, and which, I assure you, entertained me much." "Ay," said the Marquis, "I *would* have the pleasure of reading my dissolute wife to you, myself; I have got it sketched out, and I altered the appellation: I cannot bear profligate, when applied to the ladies!"

"Now is not that rather a fastidious distinction?" said the Duchess. "By no means, my dear Duchess," replied the Marquis. "A woman may have a dissolute mind, without being devoted to actual vice: her *conduct* even may be dissolute, but not absolutely depraved:

now profligacy can only be applied to the most abandoned and vicious."

The Marquis was fond of definitions; he dwelt, some time, on the different application of the two words; and it served to banish a few twinges of conscience. In the evening, the trio being met, the Marquis gave the promised character.

MRS. MOISTON

OR,

THE DISSOLUTE WIFE.

> " La Louange chatouile et gagne les Esprits :
> Les Faveurs d'une Belle en sont souvent le Prix."
>
> LA FONTAINE.

THE lady who is the subject of the present detail was born in a country-town, of parents whose situation in life was not at the time of her birth either raised above, or sunk below, a sober mediocrity of station.

They had several other children whose persons seemed universally to be cast in an ordinary mould, save that of their eldest daughter, Henrietta, now Mrs. Moiston.

As the father of this lady was a speculating and ambitious man, and desired nothing so much as to see his family raised to dignity and splendour; and as the mother of Mrs. Moiston was a weak, but aspiring woman, with an uncommon share of ill-regulated affection for her

children; they saw with mutual pleasure the opening charms of their eldest daughter, and indulged themselves in the fond hope, that by the beauty of her person she would make the fortune of herself and family. Henrietta was, therefore, fostered with a tenderness above what extended to the other children; and her every wish was considered by her fond and mistaken mother as a law.

Henrietta was placed at the first school in the town where her father resided; and was allowed every accomplishment, which might fit her for that exalted station her parents, one day, hoped she would fill: but Henrietta, inheriting from nature a disposition volatile and vain, and a warmth of constitution, unchecked by parental restraint, and unsubdued by religious precepts, evinced, therefore, no proficiency either in her accomplishments or her duties.

Before she was thirteen she left school;

was capable of uttering a few French phrases, could play a new song throughout because it happened to be fashionable, but scarcely wrote a letter on the most common subject which would not have disgraced a milk-maid.

At fourteen, Henrietta dressed herself with care; she went to church, on Sundays, purely for the *fun* of laughing and giggling with the great boys of the grammar-school, who happened to sit in an opposite pew.

Being well acquainted with the thoughts and wishes of her parents, and from their ridiculous and unguarded praises uttered in her presence, fancying herself a complete beauty, she began to think she ought to have lovers; and before she was fifteen, she set up for a professed coquet. The young men of the town where she resided were not of sufficient consequence to answer the exorbitant expectations of the flippant Henrietta; and the officers

quartered there contented themselves with partaking of her father's good dinners, and condescended to flirt and romp with the *coming* fair one: but the only palpable evidence of their notice that she received was *broken combs, unseemly rents* in her elegant muslin robes, and a peculiar nod, sometimes accompanied with a still more peculiar wink, when they happened to meet her in public.

The only sufferer on these occasions was the mother of Henrietta, to whose office it generally fell to repair these *love-sprung* fractures. Sometimes the folly of an ill-regulated tenderness gave way, in the mother of Henrietta, to that fatigue which her wanton carelessness inflicted on this fond parent; but, on these occasions, the daughter would silence her mild remonstrances with, "Well, never mind, *lovey*, you don't know what the Colonel said to me last night at the play."—"What!" eagerly replied her

mother, "the Honourable Colonel H—, of the Guards?" She repaired the rent in Henrietta's crape frock with a quicker stitch; and the latter ran to her instrument, with a silly suppressed giggle, which meant *more than met the ear* of her delighted mother, and she ran over the notes, accompanied with a most croaking voice—

"His handkerchief scented so sweetly,
His white teeth he shewed so completely,
He managed the matter so neatly,
That, I ne'er can be kissed by a clown."

Henrietta's mother laughed heartily at what she called the sweet good humour of her darling, whose playful fascination she said all the men admired: but, however much the men might have admired the fascinating playfulness of Henrietta, none in the town or country had made a single overture to take her "for better for worse;" and she had yet to learn, that there are few tolerable wo-

men, but what may be taken, occasionally, on easier terms: these terms would have shocked, even in idea, the father and mother of this young woman; for they would have shrunk, with horror, at the thoughts of their Henrietta being any thing less than a wife.

To speak, however, truly of her person, it was by no means of that superior order, which could completely subdue a man, independant of the aid of other endowments: but, amidst her more ordinary brothers and sisters, she shone a star, of no inconsiderable lustre: placed in contact with a truly beautiful and elegant woman, her charms sunk into vulgar nothingness.

She had irregular features, a dingy complexion, only rendered various by a quantity of *rouge*, which she laid on thick, at fifteen! Her eyes were good for nothing, but to wink, knowingly;

not one spark of intellect ever illumined them: her mouth was the best, and most accommodating, of all her features; for it was so formed, as to hide a bad set of under teeth, while it displayed, most spaciously, an even and white upper row: the constant grin or smirk which she assumed, was palliated, in some degree, by the dimples which this habitual practice presented: her forehead was narrow and mean, and her hair rather of a dusky brown: her figure, as to height, was commanding; but its proportions were ill regulated: her neck was very short, and her shoulders high; her feet and hands thick and wide.

Her dress was showy, trolloping, and totally devoid of neatness and taste; yet with all these draw-backs, the *tout ensemble* of Henrietta was such as would induce any licentious man to make a fool of her.

She had attained her seventeenth year, and her father had given many splendid entertainments beyond the power of his finances to support; she had been repeatedly exhibited at the Town, County, and Election Balls; had figured at the Theatre, and paraded in every public walk; but all to no purpose.

Henrietta would shew her female confidents above fifty love-letters from different lads, who, encouraged by her forward manners, had amused themselves at the expence of her character; but she, on whom her parents had built the future aggrandizements of their race, could not boast a single offer of honourable marriage.

Mr. Perkins, the father of Henrietta, had several acquaintances in London, and his daughter had perpetually intreated and teized him to take her to that great

city, which promised her the full measure of all that her imagination had painted of pleasure and delight.

Her father had always objected to this trip: to say the truth, his sober connexions there did not care to take the charge of a young creature of so volatile and gay a turn: and, without an invitation, Henrietta could not possibly make such a visit.

A period, however, arrived, which brought the accomplishment of her wishes: an old and respectable widow lady, allied to several families of distinction, and to whom Mr. Perkins had been very serviceable, by way of recompence for his friendly offices, gave an invitation to Henrietta, for the following Spring; and her sanguine parents looked upon this as a sure forerunner of a splendid settlement.

The most rigid economy was now practised by Mrs. Perkins, in order to make a purse for Henrietta, which might enable her to purchase a fashionable wardrobe on her arrival in the gay city; and many a guinea was purloined from the table, and screwed out of what was generally allowed for the other children, to enable Henrietta to shine amidst fashion's votaries.

She arrived, by the mail-coach, at the house of her father's friend, in Brunswick-square, in the early part of April: she stopped that same morning, and went to the theatre that same evening. At the house of the lady with whom she was a guest, much and varied company resorted; and amidst the number were several sober, as well as irregular, young men.

In London, novelty is every thing; for

though a man sees, every day, as he walks along the streets, the most beautiful and elegant women, his eye becomes so familiar to these views, that he is not unfrequently captivated with inferiority, so as it carries but the stamp of something new: besides the appearance is exceedingly *refreshing* in a country-girl of eighteen.

"What could she know of vice? She is all artless simplicity," said the old, worn-out sensualist; (and he patted her full bosom with indecorous freedom.) "These are the women for me!" But Henrietta would soon convince these decrepid lovers, that they were not exactly the *men* for *her!*

She had been near a month at the house of her father's friend; and dressed, and tittered, romped, and flirted, with every man that fell in her way; but when she reposed on her pillow, a pang of surprise and vexa-

tion shot across her mind, that, in all the gay things which had been said to her, not one word had been uttered, which even her vanity could construe into a serious declaration. At length, the son of Sir Willoughby Moiston, mistaking the playful coquetry and studied simplicity of Henrietta for native artlessness of character, really made an honourable proposal; and Henrietta, delighted, wrote by the next post the glad tidings to her mother.

Mrs. Perkins was elated beyond measure; she instantly remitted her daughter twenty guineas of her provident savings; with hope of *nailing* the son of Sir Willoughby Moiston!

It is not all fair that glads the sight; Sir Willoughby was a capital porter brewer, and a Knight of *Margaret Nicholson's order:* the greatest calamity that could have visited him was this his title! From that period, his credit, as a

porter merchant, began to decline. Sir Willoughby gave parliamentary dinners, and his wife and daughter went to court: the natural consequence was, that what he gained in the *flesh*, he lost in the *spirit*; and the flatness and degeneracy of his porter was a subject of universal complaint.

As Mr. Perkins was reputed *a warm man*, a phrase very well understood on the city side of Temple Bar, Sir Willoughby did not make the objection that was expected to a match, which, according to appearances, was certainly unequal.

Mr. Moiston accompanied Henrietta, in triumph, to the house of her father and mother; and she exultingly exhibited her husband elect in the face of her old school-mates and *ci-devant* lovers.

Mr. Moiston was rather of the idle

order of young men; and though bred and born in the city, he had all the dashing propensities which distinguish the youths of fashion at the west end of the town, without their pretensions: but Henrietta did not like him the worse for that; she doated on every thing that was fashionable, and would rather commit an enormity than not follow the mode: besides, young Moiston was really handsome, and possessed some taste; nor did he want for a fair portion of good sense, on many occasions: but let us not be too minute.

During the sojourn of Mr. Moiston at the residence of Henrietta's parents, thetwo fathers were negotiating, by letter, the preliminaries of the marriage; but some obstacles arose, respecting Henrietta's portion, which retarded their settling the business.

Henrietta said, one morning, to her

lover, "Lord, dear Moiston, do not let us wait any longer! *My* father's as tiresome as *your's*; and if we wait, till they are agreed, we shall never be married! Besides, continued she, giggling, and looking rather too particularly in the face, while she hung on the arm of her lover, "it would be such *fun*, and surprise them all so, if we were to marry without their knowing it!"

Mr. Moiston's understanding forsook him, at this moment; he was a young man of strong passions; and the laughing eye, and dimpled cheek, added to the youthful caresses with which she concluded her *delicate* proposal, made him fancy his Henrietta the most unaffected child of nature, and himself the most beloved of men! Oh! dear vanity, how could we support ourselves without thy aid?

Young Moiston procured a licence (secretly) that very evening; and on the

following morning they were united in the holy bands of wedlock. The consequence of this premature and rash step was, that Sir Willoughby, incensed, would do nothing for his son; and in six months from the period of their wedding, the father of Henrietta was obliged to call together his creditors, and Mr. Moiston received not one shilling of his wife's promised portion.

We cannot here pass over the young man's conduct on this occasion, without bestowing that just portion of praise which is due to his generosity: he did not, as many husbands would, reflect on his wife, or behave to her with diminished kindness: on the contrary, he not only soothed her, with the utmost tenderness, and the most gentle persuasions, but offered the most kind and friendly consolations to her afflicted mother, whose pride and feeling had received so violent a shock.

The Father's Anger relents.

This injustice of Mr. Perkins to his family was long resented by Sir Willoughby Moiston; whose own finances being at a low ebb, had built much on the advantage of this match for his son. For a long-time, he would neither see nor assist the new-married pair: but a family coming on, awakened his naturally hard feelings: he relented,—a few months gave brighter prospects to the young couple, and brought the completion of Henrietta's fondly cherished wishes—that of becoming a resident in London!

Through the assistance of his reconciled father, Mr. Moiston supported his family in genteel mediocrity; and if Henrietta had not found herself capable of experiencing the pure and chaste delights of individual love, it is no wonder that gratitude found no place in her heart. In her external expressions, however, there was no appearance of a deficiency: never was there a being, who, with all the affec-

tation of artlessness, possessed such an hypocritical cunning: she delighed in the dear mystery of intrigue, and her silly vanity made her the dupe of every sensualist and the sport of every boasting knave.

Like Mrs. Villeneuf, mentioned in the first volume of these characters, she would often caress her husband with all apparent fondness, and in half an hour afterwards walk out to meet, *by appointment*, a man of whom she knew *nothing*, but that he had frequently passed by her window; where, like the aforesaid Mrs. Villeneuf, between whom and Henrietta there is a wonderful similarity (though they are distinct individuals) she would sit, at eleven in the morning, with her arms, bosom, and shoulders, exposed; and might have shocked, or, perhaps, *captivated*, a stoic or a sage.

It was sufficient for a man to pass her

windows twice or thrice, to sigh, to look *miserable*, to exhibit a bit of paper in the shape of a *billet-doux*, when the kind heart of Henrietta expanded in his favour: she ran down herself to the door, and received with her own *fair hand* the assurance that her charms had, like a flash of lightning, blighted all his happinesss, withered all hopes, but such as centered in her. In short, if she did not grant him an interview, he should *certainly die!*

Henrietta thought it the height of cruelty to let a man *die*, when it was in her power to *restore* him: she had the greatest dread of the Serpentine River, and thought the famed Lucretia the most ridiculous, absurd, and wicked of women.

She delivered her answer to the dismal effusion of her incognito lover with her own hand; regardless of the eyes of her

opposite neighbours, or of the kitche windows, where her servants sat eye-witnesses of their mistress's folly. She met her lover; told him she was a *married woman,* which only served to increase his passion, as obstacles are said to inflame love: at length, he recollected himself; and the happy expression of "How can I help that? the more my misfortune!" came opportunely to his aid: to be sure the phrase was rather hacknied: but Henrietta believed it an original effusion.

To calm his distracted feelings, she, therefore, promised to meet him, next morning, in *a certain square.*

But the most extraordinary and most abominable impolicy of Henrietta's conduct was, that she would rather, at any time, sacrifice her honour and her delicacy, than have it supposed that she was without lovers: and her greatest tri-

umph was to gain, though from a mere gross and temporary inclination, the lover or husband of her friends and acquaintance.

Poor, silly, and degraded Henrietta! Had she but known, that the man who listened to her favourable whispers in the evening retailed them to the mistress of his affections, the next morning, with an expression of abhorrence, and a tender injunction that she would not visit *such a woman!* Had she known that the protecting husband, and worthy man, though sometimes led by that latitude which custom gives to his sex in meeting the advances of a forward woman, would not subject his wife or daughter to associate with her; what would her vanity have suffered! Where, alas! was that pride which, when virtue is no more, will sometimes lead a woman to respect herself! Where was the WOMAN, when she disgracefully allowed the lovers and

husbands of others to visit her, when alone; to snatch from her mere instinctive embraces, which the hired wanton could as well bestow! By such a conduct she rendered herself notorious, and a subject of licentious pursuit to men of many nations: for Henrietta knew nothing of those swains, who sighed and threw up their eyes at her window: and a Spaniard, an Irishman, a Jew, or a Gentile, had the same chance of gazing on her self-supposed charms. What motive enjoined secrecy in these men? They had nothing to fear from laws, which they, in a few months, would be out of the reach of? Besides, men as well as women, and, in these cases, frequently more so, have their confidants; and over a convivial glass, the pure wife, the spotless virgin, and retiring widow, are sometimes sacrificed, from a base spirit of boasting vanity: what then has that degraded woman to expect who invites disgrace? She has to look for-

ward to what Henrietta has already met with, *in part*; the contempt, if not abandonment, of her husband; the loss of her respectable friends; and if not speedily reformed, she will, it is to be feared, add another to the list of those wives, whose exploits have swelled the columns of a newspaper.

May this *lenient* portrait meet the eyes and claim the attention of those females who are not yet *old* in error; and may the rugged lines, distinguishable in the picture, be speedily effaced, and their place supplied by those respectable acquirements, those feminine virtues, which become the wife and the mother: for she who is supported by her husband, "who eats of his bread, drinks of his cup, and reposes on his bosom," can never be excused an act of dishonour.

THE

MARQUIS OF DERRINGBRIGHT,

AND

HIS TERMAGANT MISTRESS.

" Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te." MARTIAL.

THIS nobleman, who verges towards the latter part of the autumnal season of life, lately made a considerable figure in the crim. con. calendar; and was compelled to pay very large damages for undermining the peace of a reverend and dignified divine, by seducing the affections of his wife, which she had bestowed on her lawful partner, as was fondly imagined, in unceasing and unsullied acts of tenderness, till the introduction of the Marquis of Derringbright into the family, which he occasionally visited; and at one time took up a long abode at the clergy-

man's country-house, under pretence of a slight indisposition.

He repaid the kind and friendly attentions of his hospitable host, by inflicting an irreparable wound in his anguished bosom, and destroying his domestic happiness, for ever.

It is a true and just remark, that the cruel man is generally a coward; the sequel of this delineation of character will shew, that the Marquis of Derringbright verifies the remark.

When he was fully detected in this adulterous correspondence, he blessed his stars, that the profession and always peaceable character of the injured man prevented the dreadful chance of sword or pistol from being resorted to as modes of vengeance. He hugged himself in the promised enjoyment of life, and resolved to be more cautious in future, how

he attempted the too easily-yielding chastity of the frail Matrons of this present age.

He, therefore, attached himself to a lady of high celebrity in the corps of dashing Cyprians; and she became, soon after the tragical death of her former *protector*, the acknowledged mistress of the Marquis of Derringbright.

This lady was beautiful in her person, but in temper a perfect copy of the renowned Xantippe;* she was the daughter of a reputable tradesman, a sadler, in Barbadoes, but was dignified by those who envied her her *three* carriages, and splendid establishment, by the title of daughter to a *penny barber*! Her brother

* The wife of Socrates, who gave him an opportunity to acquire the reputation of a most patient, as well as a wise, man.

is certainly an hair-dresser; and has a large and beautiful family. We should not be so prolix in detailing the connexions of a woman of this description, did the recital not lead to that expression, which once escaped the Marquis, that marked so strongly his *poltronerie,* and shews how much the lady has him under her dominion.

The termagant disposition she possesses was once the cause of a most melancholy event; but in that case, it is well known, she was only guilty of impetuous inadvertency; and could she have foreseen the consequences, would have endured any insult sooner than have precipitated her liberal *protector* into so direful a calamity.

But it proves the violence and haste of her temper, when she said to Mr. Egbert, at the time he entered her box at the Opera, and did not behave to her in

a manner she thought sufficiently respectful, " I will set Lord Riverston upon you!' The dreadful result is too well known, when it came to the hot-headed and impetuous Lord Riverston's knowledge: he met his adversary; they fought, and Lord Riverston was mortally wounded.

For "*one little month*" she secluded herself, in all the pomp of mourning, and pageantry of woe; she then accepted of the proposals of the Marquis of Derringbright; who, though he could keep her only *one* carriage, instead of *three*, was yet a Marquis of fashion and fortune, and maintained her munificently.

As she was peculiarly attached to the elegancies of the toilette, she kept constantly in her house a fancy-dress-maker, who received the rudiments of her art under the most fashionable of that class, in town: and her sole employment in the establishment of Mrs. Olderston, her

present mistress, is to change, almost daily, the form and fashion of her dresses, and for which she receives a very handsome salary.

The numerous artifices of coquetry adopted by females of Mrs. Olderston's class are unexampled: her brother's children were beauteous as little cherubs; it was the pride of Mrs. Olderston to have one or other of these children, by turns, dressed at her expence, with extravagant profusion, and seated between her and her dear Marquis in his phaeton.

She accustomed the child to call them father and mother, to which the Marquis durst not give a negative voice; but consented to be called papa by the hairdresser's children.

The eyes of gentlemen, who were strangers to her, were rivetted on the lovely mother and her beautiful infant. " What

a divine creature!" they would exclaim, "and what an angelic child!" Those who had only a slight knowledge of her person, and situation in life, did not fail to compare her to the goddess of the loves and smiles, with her infant son. Thus was she gratified in the kindness she shewed to her brother's children, by the interest she excited: while the poor little creatures, elevated above their proper sphere, witnessed nothing but scenes of voluptuousness, criminal ease, and affluence, and returned to their humble home disgusted at it, and dispirited to reflect on what they had left behind: while all their learning consisted in being able to repeat anecdotes of fashionable licentiousness, duels, crim. con. details, and all the *et cætera* of depraved notoriety.

But what can a poor man, with a large family, do in these times of expence? Nothing but his business to support him and them; obliged to toil, in his unhealthy

occupation, to gain a scanty livelihood; while, for only the *loan* of his children, his sister gives them costly presents, and many of the comforts of life to him and his industrious wife, which he, in his situation, could never be able to procure.

The protection Mrs. Olderston afforded these children, one after the other, brings us to that instance of her furious temper, her power over the Marquis of Derringbright, who never dared to contradict her, to his imbecility, and his want of courage and proper spirit.

Before the death of Lord Riverston, a quarrel took place between two gentlemen; one a Colonel Newington, the other an officer of rank in the Navy. Trifling as was the subject of the quarrel, it was attended with very serious consequences: the punctilio of false honour must be observed; and let the quarrel be only about a monkey, a cat, or a dog, MAN, the

divine image of his Maker, is to sacrifice himself, or his friend, by fashionable murder, on the altar of uncurbed passion and folly.

The meeting between these two gentlemen was fatal: Colonel Newington, a fine young man in the very prime of life, fell by the hand of his antagonist.

The pistols with which the fatal deed was committed were peculiarly excellent, and never known to fail in their aim, particularly in the hand of a good marksman.

Lord Riverston was always of a turbulent temper, prided himself on being an excellent shot, and never missing his mark; he could not rest till he got these pistols into his possession; and at length, after much persuasion and intreaty on his part, purchased them of the Navy Officer, who had killed Colonel Newington.

After the death of Lord Riverston, they became the property of Mrs. Olderston.

One day the Marquis of Derringbright was seated in the dressing-room of the above lady, and a little boy, one of her brother's children, while the lovers were conversing and entertaining each other, Mrs. Olderston in high good humour; the child, who was always improperly indulged, as well as capriciously and carelessly corrected, was routing over some drawers which stood in the apartment; pulling the various articles they contained about, littering the room with them, and throwing them again in heaps into the drawers, while the easy and careless dame sat laughing at him. Presently he came to the fatal pistols.

A proficient in all the *slang* he was accustomed to hear, he took them up, and said, "Ha! Ha! my clever boys!" Mrs. Olderston did not at first heed him;

till he carried them up to her. Mamma, I say, these are the *things* that did for Newington! I think they did more than *wing* him."

All the smiles which had lately played on the face of Mrs. Olderston now fled; she became transformed into a fury: she started from her seat, and seizing hold of the poor child's ears, "Villain," said she, "I'll *wing* you!" She then tore his ears in so unmerciful and shocking a manner, that it was really thought, for some time, the boy would lose them, as a mortification was likely to ensue. While the Marquis sat by, a witness of the outrageous effects of her passion and cruelty to the harmless child, and never said one word to pacify her, or persuade her to quit the object of her vengeance.

Exhausted by the fatigue of the punishment she had inflicted, and the violence of her passion, she retired to her cham-

ber, while her innocent and agonized little victim went to his friend, the dress-maker; who, shocked at the state she saw him in, applied every remedy she could think of to assuage the pain, and stop the bleeding: she could gain nothing from him, how he came in that condition; so incoherent were his words, from sobs, and so bitter his lamentations; the trembling Marquis followed him into the dress-maker's room. "Good God! my Lord Marquis," said the young woman, "how came the ears of this poor child in such a dreadful state." He then told her who had made them so, and the cause.

"And could you sit by, my Lord Marquis, and suffer a poor, little, helpless creature to be treated in so barbarous a manner? Oh fie."

"Indeed, indeed," replied the Marquis, with the utmost trepidation of voice and manner, "I durst not say a word;

if I had, she would have served *me* just the same; I assure you she would."

It is, indeed, confidently reported, that Mrs. Olderston has more than once made the Marquis feel the weight of her delicate hand, and the sharpness of her *well*, but not *too closely, cut* nails.

Now, amongst the few who are acquainted with this authentic anecdote, there have been various opinions. Whether the sight of the fatal weapons of death reminded her of the *ad libitum* purse which she enjoyed under the patronage of her late noble *protector*, and her three elegant carriages now reduced to one, the Marquis of Derringbright, from the late heavy damages he had paid, not being able to lavish so much on her unbounded extravagance, without sometimes a little tender expostulation; or whether she dreaded a kind of suspicious mistrust in his temper, generally inseparable from

meanness of spirit, yet remains to be cleared up: it has been said, that the Naval Officer, to whom the pistols once belonged, had been spoken of in very high terms, by Mrs. Olderston, one evening, and that the Marquis left her in dudgeon, without assigning, and perhaps, indeed, himself scarcely knowing, the cause of his ill humour: but the lady's penetration was like her temper, quick and acute: she took care to mention the gentleman no more.

When the child took the pistols from the drawer, she thought the Marquis might take it in his head that the officer had left the pistols there, when paying her a visit of gallantry: he never knew how they came in her possession, or indeed that Lord Riverston had purchased them.

She knew, if he thought his jealousy well founded of a brave and handsome

Continued.

man, adieu to all her brilliant comforts, her still elegant and plentiful establishment: she must be humble and submissive before *him*, perhaps, who might be her next friend, no longer might she dare to beat, scratch, or pinch. Ignorant men are generally obstinate, and hard to be convinced, when once they have formed an opinion; all these, or the other reflections, rushed through her bosom, with the rapidity of lightning, and she wreaked her rage and fury on her unfortunate nephew.

The Marquis, who fortunately had no other idea than that they had belonged to the late Lord Riverston, was impatient to sooth her, and bring her back, if possible, to the sweet temper of mind she had been in, before this unfortunate observation of her *"little darling,"* her *"sweet blossom in the bud,"* as she used to call him before accidental visitors, who were not fully acquainted with her

Conclusion.

relationship to him, or her particular character: but the submissive and fearful Marquis *durst not* address one word of comfort to the poor guiltless offender, nor express even a wish to see his aunt reconciled to him. However, he succeeded in the end of bringing Mrs. Olderston to better temper, and he continues to pass the most of his leisure hours in her *bewitched* society.

LORD AND LADY PENWORTHY;

OR,

THE VICTIMS OF JEALOUSY.

"I durst to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake; if you think other,
Remove your thoughts, it doth abuse your bosom."

OTHELLO.

No—not for worlds would I ever again be the cause of your sighs and tears, my beloved Georgina—forgive a moment of error; forgive a heart that can never be guilty but of an excess of love towards you." Such were the words the young Earl of Penworthy addressed to the disconsolate daughter of Lord Ranners. She was at her piano-forte, solacing by the soothing modes of harmony a mind distracted by a treatment she had lately experienced from her lover. Her elder sister was standing by, turning over the pages of the music-book, when Lord Penworthy

entered the parlour abruptly, and snatch-Georgina's left hand, bathed it in a deluge of tears.

This nobleman had completed his twenty-second year, and left the university about six months, before he fell desperately in love with the beautiful and accomplished Georgina. His passion was pure and sincere, but of an impetuosity which the least obstacle could turn into madness, and of a susceptibility the slightest suspicion would kindle into jealousy. A whole year had revolved since he had determined to unite his destiny to her's, and the ready consent of their friends had made him expect to lead her to the hymeneal altar within a few days; their attachment was mutual, and grounded upon the solid basis of esteem and regard. They were envied by every one their respective happiness; when a circumstance, we are going to relate, blew a cloud of discontent over the serenity of their days.

The Argyle-Rooms.

A new *burletta* had been announced at that elegant place of resort, the Argyle-rooms, and Georgina, dressed in the most tasty and splendid manner, was to be there with her aunt, the Duchess of Beauvarlet, and her three dashing daughters. There she expected to meet the noble Lord, the avowed object of her tenderest thoughts; and she was not disappointed. He knew, or, however, persuaded himself, that he might see her, also, out-shining the brightest constellations of that evening; and, indeed, his pride was highly gratified by the sense admiration she excited in the heart and mind of all the individuals of the assembly; but this mutual and secret enjoyment was not of long duration. A naval officer, a most bewitching *cavalier*, a man long known for his love of intrigue and *fracas*, contrived to take his seat by Lady Georgina's, and busied himself, during the first part of the evening's entertainment, with asking questions and giving answers to the

Duchess, and the four dove-like demi-goddesses she had brought under her protecting wings.

The earl did not relish the familiarity the captain assumed in conversing with the ladies; but when he took Georgina's ivory, circular fan, and, placing it as a screen against the eyes of his neighbours, whispered away to her supposed enchanted ear, the dart of jealousy, the keenest of her poisoned arrows, flew and entered his heart, and nothing, but the decorum he owed to the place, to the assembly, to himself, could prevent his making a sudden *eclat*.

All the tortures of martyrdom, the rack, the burning grate, the melted lead dropping in the palpitating veins of the victims, all the refinery of human fury on thôse whom tolerance ever intended to distress, are nothing in comparison to what the fiery mind, the Volcanic

heart of the Earl felt for two hours; he bit his lips, and stamped on the floor; went out, and the air abroad, instead of cooling the dreadful conflagration of his viscera, fanned the kindled flame that devoured his whole frame: he came in again; the unpleasing sight worked again, and with increased rage, on his irritated nerves. What have they done in his absence? Why, fool! Why should you leave them to themselves? See, see! she listens—she looks pleased: is not his hand touching her's? Does not his knee press the soft and simple fold of her robe? and his feet—" in this intolerable paroxysm of folly, of madness, he rushed out of the place, and alone, whipt cruelly away by the unrelenting thong of the furies, he repaired to his house. There, still urged on by the green-eyed monster, he snatched his pen, and his fevered hand burning through the lines, he wrote to Lady Georgina the most distressing, the

most annihilating note she could ever expect from any one in the whole world.

In vain her kind sister Lady Augusta, whose embellishments of mind and kindness of heart were more than a full compensation for the plainness of her face, and the shortness of her stature; in vain did she endeavour to quell the boisterous storm raised on a sudden in Georgina's passions; swoons, faintings, and a high fever, consigned her to her bed for three weeks, in a most critical, most dangerous situation.

We shall not detain our reader with the minute detail of what passed during that space of time: he guesses already that a thousand excusatory billets, and notes, and letters, and palinodical flights of verses, travelled every day from the hand of Lord Penworthy to the eyes of the distressed Georgina. But his unexpected

appearance, as mentioned before, brought a speedy reconciliation; and soon after, the bans having been published, they were married at St. James's church, and hence posted off to a charming villa, belonging to the Earl, in the maritime part of Hampshire.

What a delightful repose for the biographer, when through storms and contradictions, difficulties and struggles, he has brought his heroes to a spot where they can enjoy something like peace, quiet, and happiness! Three years passed over the united couple, and hardly a slight cloud dared to obscure their comfortable mansion. Two boys were their delight, and the Countess was pregnant when the Treaty of Amiens was signed. Soon after her confinement Lord Penworthy proposed to fulfil his long disappointed desire of seeing France, and chiefly Paris, where several of his friends had preceded

him, in the hope, often expressed in their letters, of welcoming him there soon.

Lord Penworthy set off for Dover with a worthy clergyman, an intimate friend of his; and, his being in company with a man for whom the Countess entertained the utmost and best-deserved esteem, the separation was not so distressing as might have been expected in any other case. The gay life of Parisian company, the opera, the balls, and entertainments of all sorts, were unable to banish the beautiful and ever-beloved image of Georgina from the Earl's mind. He loved her absent, and loved her alone; because she was always present to his intellect in the most diverting situations he ever found himself in. She was happy, and daily her happiness increased by the fond hope of receiving soon her amiable husband, the tender father of her children, in her chaste embraces. The day of his arrival drew

near—but, for what cause she could not guess, his letters were less enraptured; there was even a perceivable kind of something like coldness pervading the last she had received, and her heart began to fail within her. To suspect *him* of perfidy would have been a crime; to suppose *herself* suspected of being criminal would have been a want of confidence and folly. She waited with patience, but not without an increase of anxiety, for the moment he was to be restored to her arms.

Souls of fire, hearts ready to melt at long-expected moments of meeting, what would you have felt, had you witnessed the cold, embarrassed appearance of the Earl, the first time he saw his lady and children—these he took up in his arms, and kissed a thousand times before he looked at the distressed Georgina.—"Dear, my Lord, well! have done with the brats," said she, in a faultering voice, "you will leave no kisses for me, if you bestow all

upon them; come, my love, come to the arms of your beloved Georgina!" and throwing her beautiful arms round his half-reluctant neck, she drew him on the sofa, and nearly lost her senses between an exstacy of love and a secret foreboding of dread. Penworthy disengaged himself from her embraces, with these distracting words: "Come, my dear, you are foolish."

The keenest blast that blows on the Glaciers of Switzerland, or on the top of Snowdon, do not congeal the blood of the imprudent traveller half so soon as these few words did the purple stream in the heart of the Countess. She fell back senseless, and the servants, rung to her assistance, attributed her situation to an overcoming of pleasure and delight at her meeting with her long-wished-for husband. They were deceived in their mind, but their kind cares had their effect; she recovered, and came down to dinner with the ap-

pearance of cheerfulness and content. Woman can dissemble grief, but the fiend preys on her very heart, and makes it burst at once whenever she overpowers its strength.

A few friends had been invited, and their conviviality brought a moment of something like happiness to the unfortunate pair. Lady Penworthy retired to her room, but what was her astonishment, when opening a paper that lay on her dressing table, she found it to be an anonymous letter addressed from Cork to her husband at Paris; in which her reputation, her chastity, before marriage and since she was a wife, were attacked with the most glaring impudence? All this she read with a smile of disdain playing around her unsullied lips; but when she came to these words, in the very handwriting of her suspecting Lord, "Clear yourself, if you can, of these accusations;" the horror of having her inno-

cence doubted did overcome her reason. Her knees shook against each other, she took hold of the next seat at hand, and fell speechless in it.

From the hand of the Angel, whose agreeable office in heaven was to record the days, the hours, the short moments of Georgina's happiness, from his trembling hand, the immortal pen dropt at once, never to be resumed again. The fatal book was shut for ever to entries of terrestrial enjoyments, and woe to him who bid it to close!

We ought to consider, that we shall have not only to answer, at the bar of the divine tribunal, how we made use of the few happy minutes of comfortable life allowed to our share, but also, and after the most impartial scrutiny, whether we have delayed, prevented, or impaired the comforts of others.

All is gone for ever.

The distracted mind of Lady Penworthy had sunk into despair; a dreadful fever, with despotic sway, had seized on her brains, and the assistance of the cleverest men of the faculty was not able, for a whole fortnight, to force the raging distemper to give any sort of respite to the innocent sufferer. However, their combined efforts saved her life; but, alas! they could not call back to her intellects that regularity of perceptions, that nicety of judgment, that never-failing memory, she was so much admired for. All was gone for ever! a continual delirium oscillated in her mind, and marked with childishness and stupidity all her discourses and actions: a few lucid moments were of no other use but to present at once, in the most disgusting colours to the frightened eye of her disordered fancy, the whole of her wretched situation; and, as soon as she had poured a torrent of tears, she relapsed into her deplorable insensibility.

Meanwhile the Earl, instead of accusing himself as the cause of his Lady's distressing and hopeless situation, found his suspicions increasing apace, and consolidating themselves into certainty. "Had she been innocent, and conscious of rectitude, she would not have been so positively, so powerfully, struck with the suspicion of guilt! She would have answered me by writing, however, if she did not condescend to enter into any painful and personal discussion on the subject: and who was hurt by the knowledge of her ill conduct, but me, and myself alone? Suppose the whole to have been a most gross falsehood; suppose the names mentioned in the letter to have been forged, invented;—the facility of clearing herself must have induced her, forced her to an explanation, to a ready and easy disculpation; besides, how easily consoled of, how soon reconciled with, my absence! Oh! had her guiltless heart burnt with the immaculate and pure love

Her untimely Death.

that animated mine, she, in her letters, would have complained of delay, of indifference, of forgetfulnesss: but no, she sat down content, when all the diversions of my journey could not, for a single minute, banish or withhold her, then, beloved image from my tortured mind. Besides, is not the miserable state of her mind, her very insanity, a judgment of ever-impartial Providence on the criminal. . . . ?"

Such were the unjust and wicked constructions this unfortunate slave of ungrounded jealousy was continually putting on a case, where all the blame, all the criminality, awaited him. Two years elapsed, and the most attentive cares of a famous physician could not recall her to sense, to comfort; and at last, sinking gradually, by a slow decline, into the grave, she left a world where she had been so unwarrantedly ill-used.

However, it was not before she begged,

as a justice due to her memory, that this humane doctor, who attended her, would promise to enquire, after her death, into the abominable conspiration against her peace of mind, and to endeavour to find out the vile authors of so abominable a transaction. The physician was indefatigable in his researches, and his exertions were crowned with success: for, two months after the funeral of the much-deplored Countess, he placed in the hands of Lord Penworthy such proofs of his wife's innocence, and of the whole machination, that the name of the author of the anonymous letter was soon ascertained.

Lord Penworthy, inconsolable for the loss of his beloved Georgina, dragged in retirement the remnant of a life that had become burthensome to him; and just twelve months after the death of his Lady a fit of appoplexy, as he was riding in Hyde-park, threw him off his horse, and put an end to his misery.

THE CI-DEVANT

LADY ELVIRA TEMPLEDON.

" Io te chiamo, in te spero, e in quell' altezza
Puoi tu sol pormi, ondè sospinta fui."

TASSO. Gierusal. Del.

"I COULD kneel down, and kiss the ground she last trod upon, live upon her celestial smiles, and banquet on the comtemplation of her exquisite form!" was the passionate exclamation of a fashionable youth, as he sat on a sofa, in the Opera tea-room, and gave the rhapsodical answer to a young man, just arrived from the university of Oxford, and who had asked him, who that lovely woman was, who had just taken a glass of *orgeat* from an elegant looking nobleman, with a star and red ribbon. However, the question being repeated, he soon replied, that she was the then celebrated beauty of fashion, Lady Elvira Templedon.

We suppose no lady ever combined before so much sweetness of countenance, with so perfect a model of a beautiful face: nor was her form inferior; grace accompanied all her movements; she was a fine height, and perfect in shape and symmetry.

Should we believe that an Earl's daughter, so gifted, had yet attained her twenty-sixth year without an offer of marriage? Beauty, title, education, and mental endowments, all are too trifling in this century, if money is not thrown into the scale along with them, to make it go down; and Lady Elvira Templedon was without that great requisite for a fashionable marriage—fortune.

A valiant son of Neptune had long admired her, but he knew it would not be in his power to leave her sufficient, during his frequent absences, to support her. If she had but a little of her own, he should not care, he said; he would leave her *that*

to support herself with! God knows, he never shewed himself very munificent in his allowances to her on those departures, which his country and sovereign required of him.

The fairest fruit is always liable, as has been justly remarked, to be attacked by the snail, the wasp, and other destructive creatures; and there are a class of low men, who pretend to think, if a woman is fair she *must* be frail.

An infamous work was published, which, as it peculiarly libelled one who was allowed to be the most lovely as she was the most unfortunate of her sex, so it cruelly, and without provocation, or the smallest cause, slandered the beautiful Lady Elvira, in terms too gross and vulgar to be repeated; and which caused the calumniated lady, for some time, to be called by a very ludicrous nickname. Conscious, however, how groundless

were this scribbler's accusations, and persuaded by all her noble friends to bring him to punishment, she commenced an action against him; in which he was pronounced guilty of a scandalous and infamous libel against Lady Elvira, and condemned to pay her two thousand pounds.

Captain Greathead, having an eye to a little money, as well as for her ladyship, now made his proposals in due form; Lady Elvira had no objection to his person, thought him a worthy man, and soon gave him indisputable and legal right to the possession of her charming person.

For some little time, the honey-moon not being long over, they were the happiest wedded pair: but Greathead must to "sea again." Much of her two thousand pounds was expended; and it is said, that he informed her, his voyage would

be but short, and left her no more than what remained of *that*.

But she knew how to economise; she managed her pecuniary and domestic establishment well; and fondly and anxiously expected the arrival of her husband from his voyage.

He returned, delighted, charmed with her society; made a short expensive stay, and left her very poor.

Still she did not repine; she still loved her husband; she had as yet no idea of being faithless, the thought would have filled her mind with horror. But the Greatheads are not destined to be happy in their wives; the change of affectionate conduct begins with themselves; and inconstancy and ill-treatment are too apt to cause a retaliation.

Captain Greathead returned again; he

found his beauteous wife in embarrassed circumstances, absolutely distressed for money; and we are told, though we do not assert it, as a fact, that he, not only treated her unfeelingly, but left her poorer than before. He, however, promised at parting, remittances which, we believe, were never sent.

From such usage a woman naturally turns with contempt and disgust. To kindness, to persuasive tenderness, to friendly assistance, (unheedful of the specious, selfish interest, which actuates the donor,) she inclines, with increasing confidence, gratitude, and esteem; the contempt and disgust, by a repetition of ill-treatment, she receives on one side, soon grows into confirmed hatred; the assailant increases his kindness and attentions; under the mask of disinterested friendship he becomes more insinuating; and gratitude and esteem for him easily kindle into love: he perceives it; pursues his

advantage; and thus a neglected and ill-treated wife is often made guilty of a breach of her marriage-vows, first cancelled by an ungrateful husband, who is in fact the primary cause of her infidelity.

Lady Elvira was one of these unhappy victims. On her subsequent chaste conduct, on her fall, on the behaviour of her faithless and inconsiderate husband, we leave the reader to make what comments and reflections he pleases, we still adopt, repeat, and maintain that idea, that "it is too often the faithless husband that makes the faithless wife."

A worthy pillar of the church was not, however, afraid to take her as his lawful helpmate. "Shorn hast thou been," thought he, "and to the quick." He saw the naturally virtuous bent of her mind, and that affection and tenderness shewn towards her would ever keep

it in its pristine rectitude. She received his proferred hand with gratitude, reverence, and esteem; he treats her with unremitting kindness, and they have now been some years patterns of domestic happiness, without a wish for the noisy and tumultuous pleasures of fashion and dissipation. Lady Elvira, the once celebrated Lady Elvira Templedon, whose presence was an ornament to the ball-room, the Gala, and the Opera-house, where she shone the "fairest of the fair," now confines herself to her own conjugal and maternal circle, where she reigns, in sweetness and simplicity, in the hearts of her admiring family: she is now blest in an husband who knows how to appreciate her merit; who possesses a mind above all narrow prejudices; knows how to estimate that virtue, which combining circumstances only caused to slumber for a moment; and who can, with that true charity which ever ought to accompany his high calling, pardon inve-

Conclusion.

luntary error, while his honest indignation despises the rigid, pharasaical hypocrite, that affects to shudder at the name of vice, and even indiscretion, because never assailed or exposed to temptation.

CURSORY REMARKS.

"Nam Romæ quis non?—Ah, si fas dicere! Sed fas."
PERS. Sat. I.

"NOW, I hope, ladies," said the Marquis of Waltham, addressing his mother and sister, "you will give me credit for not only detailing the character of the dissolute wife, but also throwing voluntarily into the evening's entertainment the characters which followed."—"Yes," replied the Duchess, laughing, "we are bound to thank you; but I cannot forbear smiling at the curious way you mingle and contrast your characters."

"My dear Duchess," said Lady Charlotte, "I hope you will pardon me for differing from you, but that is what I so much admire. I like the character of a truly virtuous mind sometimes to follow

that of a vicious one: it reconciles us to the world, and encourages us to hope, that there are almost an equal portion of good as well as bad in it." It is certainly a just remark," said the Duchess, "and so you shall both go on as you please with the entertainment you truly afford me." "Oh! for my part, I have done," said Lady Charlotte. "I think, for the short time we are to stay here, it is you, now, my dear brother, who must furnish us both with character and anecdote."

"*A propos*," said the Duchess," "you have been in town, Philip; you can tell us, perhaps, some little anecdote or other!"

The Marquis changed countenance; his unfortunate mother could not perceive his embarrassment, and thought he was only silent from trying to recollect something. But, like a true libertine, he

felt, after a few moments compunction, more ashamed of the temporary remorse than of the cause which gave birth to it. What a fool, thought he, am I! How many men of fashion are there, who have seduced twenty foolish girls, while it only adds to their celebrity; but I see my mother is growing moral; the time was I could have ventured to tell her where I had been, I must now have recourse to falsehood.

"Why to tell you the truth," said he, "I did not go on to London with Pernonville: I met with an old fellow Etonian, and we took an excursion up the country quite another way. It was Sir Richard Tomlinson, who was such a stickler for the rights of the *soi-disant* Duke of Fairborough."

This, and what he was going to relate, was in some part true; as he did meet the above-mentioned Baronet in one of

his rambles, and he conversed with the Marquis on his favourite theme.

Pray," said the Duchess, "how is that affair likely to terminate? It always, I must say, appeared to me rather a dark business."

"So I think the result proves," said the Marquis, "the poor fellow did not want the title, he only wanted the portion of lands and their demesnes, which his name and family give him the right to: but distressed with the heavy pressure of law expences, he has accepted of an handsome allowance from the Duke, to withdraw his claims and hold his tongue!"

"Well, my dear Philip," remarked the Duchess, "it gives me great satistion to think, that no one will ever have it in their power to dispute your claims to the riches and honours of your ancestors: employ them well, and adorn them,

my good fellow; and do not think this advice proceeds, only, from your mother being in a great degree shut out from the *pleasures of the world.* The perfect conviction which is come home to my mind of their futility, and the close proximity of many of them to vice, alone dictate what I say to you. I should be sorry to see you resemble the Duke of Fairborough."

"Oh! he never was a lady's man, that's certain," said the Marquis: "but speaking of claims, what will not power do? Now, what do you think of the claims of our wild Irish friend? The ward of Sir John Aylesbury, brother to the Duchess of Storbridge."

"You mean that good-natured young man, Sir George Berlin," said Lady Charlotte, "I never heard the particulars of his story."

"It is but short," replied the Marquis: "his genealogy and descent is as clear as the day; but yet that does not give him his lawful inheritance."

"I think, Philip," said the Duchess, "you are wrong in calling it *lawful*; I believe a grant was given in some reign, which makes it no longer his, and for which what he will receive, when he comes of age, is one portion of that wealth he will be then put in possession of."

"Very possible, said the Marquis, "they all dwindled in circumstances from the first favoured ancestor, till the fortune, by economy, *increase* of rents, or *decrease* of progeny, accumulated as it was devolving down to the present owner, who, good-natured generous soul, can be put off by a story of *grants* or any thing. At present he is such a young Irish lad, such a dear nonentity of good-nature and

simplicity, that, so little have I to say of him, he will not fill a page; but, of course, Charlotte, you know, that one of our mighty monarchs, who was rather weak-minded, and not over-strong in the upper story, though he wished to be thought a prodigy of learning, was most violently attached to Sir George Berlin's great, great, great, I don't know how many *greats*, grandfathers; from whom Sir George is descended in a direct line. Now I should imagine he was heir to his ancestors' houses, as well as their fortunes; and that, if such was the case, he might, as it was a part of inheritance, inhabit even "*The Temple of the Gods,*" if it was his birth-right! But the Duchess knows best."

"Oh!" said the Duchess, "I do not exatly assert what I told you, but I think I have heard something of the kind; ask your father, when you see him; he knows more of those matters than I do."

Conclusion.

The superb and elegant time piece-over the sideboard now gave the silver sound of three; the Marquis as he put his hand on the silken *cordon,* to ring for his valet's attendance, said, " Now, at our next reading I will really give you the sketch of a *profligate* wife (for she is more than *dissolute*) in the character of Lady Eagleton." " Oh! she is a sad woman!" said Lady Charlotte. " I have seen her amiable daughter, Clarissa, very often at the Dowager Lady Burbright's; I should like to hear something of Lady Eagleton's particular character; for frequently I have seen Miss Clarissa Eagleton enter the Dowager's hospitable mansion, as if dressed in haste, and with the recent traces of tears on her interesting countenance."

THE

DOWAGER LADY EAGLETON.

"O! curvæ in terras Animæ!" PERS.

THIS Lady had the honour of being united in marriage to one of those brave naval heroes, who do credit to their country, and the cause they pledge their persons and valour to support. He had every claim to her affection, by the graceful manliness of his person, by unremitting kindness to her, which she ill-deserved; and, one should imagine, that the envied glory of calling so renowned an officer her lord and husband, would have made her pride herself in the consciousness of being the faithful and beloved wife of such a man.

But where is proper pride and innate dignity fled, when woman steps wantonly

out of the path of honour, and, pleased with exploring that of vice, rushes on still further into its labyrinths, till she suffers her mind to be totally depraved? Her heart is soon the abode of deceit, her countenance unblushing, and a stranger to shame.

Lady Eagleton was a faithless abandoned wife; and, after the death of her gallant husband, she rioted in licentious depravity, too gross too sensual, to occupy much place in these volumes

Her present favourite she has lived with many years; a needy and dastardly character, who calls himself an officer of rank in the British army. This man is actually supported at her ladyship's expence, to the great detriment of her children, and she herself is yet young enough to have more; which spurious brood must consequently add to her expences, and contribute to the bereaving her le-

gitimate offspring of their just inheritance.

"Bad the *crow*, bad the *egg*;"

Is often proved to be the too true proverb of an ancient Greek philosopher. With the exception of the present Lord Eagleton, and his virtuous and suffering sister, Clarissa, it is but too much verified in Lady Eagleton's children.

Her eldest daughter, Mrs. Rochford, is, to be sure, in many respects, a woman "more sinned against than sinning:" her husband was cruel to her, brutal, and iniquitous, in a shameful degree.

Her mother had, by her own example, taught her to hold the marriage-vows in but very little reverence. She, therefore, easily broke through them: and, detesting her abominable husband, she sought consolation in the arms of a Captain

Dormer; who, though he had prevailed on her to falsify the promise she had made at the altar, was yet in character, and in all the amiable virtues of the heart, the very contrast of the wicked Mrs. Rochford.

A divorce was the consequence of Mrs. Rochford's imprudence, and high damages were adjudged to the Captain; who, poor fellow, too indigent in circumstances to pay them, has ever been obliged to conceal himself to avoid imprisonment, and lives now in the most retired seclusion with Mrs. Rochford; and, with a nobleness of mind worthy a better cause, declares no power on earth shall make him forsake her! while the scanty income of the proscribed wife supports them both.

The other married daughter, Mrs. Ireton, bids fair to equal, if not to ex-

ceed, her abandoned mother in licentiousness; indeed, she has already exceeded her in infamy of conduct, for we have never yet heard that Lady Eagleton had any *incestuous* connexion!

We cannot help commiserating, and, indeed, in some respects, we could almost find an excuse for the behaviour of Mrs. Rochford; when it is certain, that her infamous husband, and as equally infamous sister, were actually guilty of a criminal correspondence under the same roof with the injured wife!

The horror this excites in a mind possessed in the least degree of delicacy, forbids us to expatiate largely on so dreadful a connexion. Their letters, their guilty intercourse, the remarks she made to her depraved lover of her sister's iealousy, were all detailed some time ago in a popular periodical work: she affects, in her letters, to be actuated by an almost

idolatrous love for Mr. Rochford; but nobody believes it.

The amiable Clarissa is greatly to be pitied; sorry we are to be compelled to place her among such a set of worthless beings; though making a part of her own family and alliances: and she, to whom she is to look up for example, instruction, and every good qualification, that should guide her conduct in the future course of her life, is, from her time of life, from the situation she holds of a mother, and that of a woman of rank, the most blameworthy of the abandoned party.

But, unswayed by ill example, vice has given that seasonable impression to the young and naturally virtuous mind of Clarissa, as only to make her detest it: all the noblest part of her father's spirit animates her bosom. She turns, disgusted, from the sight of her mother's depravity; and is often obliged, from the shameful

conduct she witnesses, to quit the society of this her only surviving parent, and sit for whole days immured in her apartment, to avoid the company of rakes of fashion, and their mistresses, with whom Lady Eagleton makes no scruple of associating.

The consequent scenes such company as their's, who have cast off every sense of outward shame, must afford to a young lady, whose mind is possessed of virtue and delicacy, are disgusting in the highest degree: Miss Clarissa Eagleton is an ever-welcome guest amongst the virtuous nobility; who know her sad and pitiable situation; and they are fully capable of estimating her true worth, at the same time that they hold in just detestation the character of her licentious mother.

THE DUKE OF STOWBRIGHT.

"Concordia Discors."

THIS nobleman might truly be said to stand unrivalled in the list of titled *amateurs* in music; and, indeed, it was ever the ruling passion of his breast. His first wife, from whom he had been many years divorced, was fair as the *Houris* of Mahomet's paradise; and was one among the most celebrated beauties of her day: but, no doubt, she felt the pride of that beauty often offended by the preference given to a new piece of music; or, perhaps, a new *fiddlestick* has even taken up more of his *lordship's* attention (for he was then only Marquis of Rushton,) than her ladyship's superior charms.

She found them far higher estimated

by an handsome young officer; who became so fervently attached to the Marchioness of Rushton, that he could not suffer himself, even for one day, to be out of her company. A mutual attachment took place; and her husband soon obtained a legal separation, with liberty to both parties to marry again.

The officer, though by no means, then, a man of fortune, instantly wedded the object to whom he was so sincerely attached; and they passed their days in retirement; her ladyship soon making her second husband an happy father; an honour to which the Duke of Stowbright never attained.

An interregnum took place between the first and second marriage of his Grace; during which time, (thinking a lady a requisite appendage to a man of fashion, and, since the loss of his late better half, making a *brittle* resolution of never mar-

rying again) it is reported, that he attached himself to a female who was living separate from her husband: this was the celebrated Lady Penwell, a wit and an authoress; but her increasing *en-bon-point,* and the vulgarity of her manners, very soon, we are told, put a period to this amorous establishment; and, it is also said, that the lady hailed the joyful tidings of the connexion being dissolved, as his Grace was by no means the kind of man adapted to her taste.

The Duke of Stowbright now led the chaste life of a bachelor; and gave himself up, with more enthusiasm than ever, to his favourite science: his house was crowded with musicians, "from morn till night," and scarcely could any one move with safety, so numerous and various were the different instruments of harmony which filled up almost every apartment of both the town and country residence of his Grace, and made them ap-

pear like two grand repositories for the sale of musical instruments, or a Neapolitan *conservatorio.*

The Duke being engaged one evening in the country, at a private music party, he was so charmed by the scientific skill of a young lady, who made one of the company, and who obligingly took her part as a performer, that he could not cease to think of the fair object all the whole night and succeeding day, who had so completely ravished his ears: as this organ is allowed to be one of the shortest passages that lead to the *heart,* no wonder, if his musical grace felt his certainly touched. "She is in respectable, genteel life," thought he. "She is the daughter of a gentleman; she possesses such charming musical powers, that I think I should be supremely happy to pass my days with her! What a fund of rapturous entertainment will she ever have in store for that harmonic predilec-

tion I possess! I will wait on her father; I will hope to obtain the charming girl's consent, and domestic happiness may yet be mine.

It was not long before his Grace put in execution the resolution he had formed. Miss Paynton had, as yet, experienced no tender attachment, and she was not careless of improving the impression she perceived she had made on the Duke of Stowbright: and yet, her good sense often told her that, ungifted as she was by fortune or title, he could hardly think of making her his Duchess: but then his discourse to her was of such an honourable kind, how could she doubt it? Her doubt, however, soon subsided, by his making proposals of marriage to her father in due form: still she could not help being surprised at it; she had no fortune at all! and the highest structure of aërial castles, which could enter into the prolific imagination of a young

female mind, never presented to her the prospect of sharing a ducal coronet!

They were soon married; and the Duke's second wedding was as magnificent, and the presents of his bride as costly, as if she had bestowed the high rank upon him, instead of his elevating her to his.

The musical entertainments were now without end: in the Duke's mansion nothing was heard but a continual concert, from morning to night: the Duke's bass-viol, the Duchess's *piano-forte*, her harp, her voice, for in all she excelled, made his Grace fancy himself already transported above the spheres:—What wedded *harmony*!

About two years after their marriage, they happened to be at a fashionable watering-place, where a ball was given one evening, at which were present all

the nobility assembled there; and, indeed, every one, as is customary in those places, who had any pretensions to rank in the circles of fashion. Amongst the rest was Lady Penwell; and Sir Andrew Penwell, her husband, whom that lady had not met for several years, was standing close to the Duke and Duchess of Stowbright during one of those pauses which generally take place between every second dance.

Lady Penwell, who had long laid aside every exterior of decorum, walked up, with her usual matchless effrontery, to her *ci-devant* husband, and said, loud enough to be heard by every by-stander, "Sir Andrew, you are grown very thin! I am told you have a fine young lady; but you do not look so well as when you *were* in *my* keeping!" She then, with her arms stuck on her more than plump sides, gave a very knowing, significant look at the Duke of Stowbright: he

trembled, he felt assured that his turn would come next; but she contented herself with viewing his long neck, with stretching up her own fat throat, and smoothing it up and down with her hand, she caused a general smile amongst those who saw the *manœuvre*; while she, with affected *naïveté*, said, "What is the CROCHET, now?"

The Duchess, disgusted at her coarseness, which she felt half inclined to think really proceeded from inebriety, took the arm of the Duke, and motioned for his departure to the other end of the room: but his Grace knew Lady Penwell too well to think she would let him escape, by changing his place; a close pursuit would have been then her highest gratification.

He affected a slight indisposition; Lady Penwell was not without good-nature, she turned from him, and renewed her

attacks upon her husband; and the Duke and Duchess soon left the entertainment.

The Duke of Stowbright, we believe, always continued to be well satisfied with his second visit to the altar of Hymen: and, indeed, he had every reason; for his present Duchess is possessed of a grateful heart, true unblemished virtue, a cultivated mind, and rarely accomplished; though her face is not strictly handsome, it is pleasing, yet a dejectedness, for a few years back appeared to overcast her once lively countenance: her height and form would ever be elegant, but she had then lost every proximity to *en-bon-point*, and was extremely thin.

Though we do not say it applies to her grace, yet how often do we see the maxim of the immortal Greek bard verified, that,

"The best of gifts beyond their measure cloy."

Finale,

An husband must be more than a king of crotchets and quavers to render a wife happy: no gift is more desirable than that of an harmonious voice; but to be obliged to exert it, at all times, and on every occasion, to please or accompany the enthusiastic, renders it painful in the possession.

No one accomplishment seems more heaven-descended than that of Music; but when it is tortured to every, the most minute, precision of science, it then becomes earthly, and only like a species of ingenious mechanism.

When a man unites to the crabbedness of disposition often attendant on old age, the character of an enraged musician, who is in mortal agonies at the accidental striking of a false note, or the snapping of a fiddle-string; music, then, is no longer the dulcet, harmonious, the Orphean art, which soothes and subsides the angry passions as they are rising,

con Gusto.

but becomes only a source of disquietude; and much as these professed *amateurs* aim at true harmony, the divine art in them, and too often in their families, produces nothing but discord.

SIR JOHN AND LADY SOMERVILLE.

"Oui, sans être vilain on peut être éconôme." MOLIERE.

THIS worthy knight is a country gentleman of large fortune; who, though several years ago, from his frequent residence in the metropolis, from his large fortune, his respectable family, and the elegance of his manners, he might have ranked among the fashionables of London; yet has, now, long since quitted the capital, and devotes himself to the quiet pleasures and comforts of a country life.

Social and generous, his house is never the mansion of seclusion; it experiences a perpetual crowd of visitors, both in the summer and winter seasons: in the former may be found at his superb dwelling, many, very many, of the fashion-

able loungers of the day, in search of novelty; and in the latter season, attracted by the sports of the field, and his *exquisite* October, all the keen lovers of hunting and shooting are seen in abundance.

Sir John Somerville verges on eighty years of age: his lady, a very amiable but truly eccentric character, is two or three years older; they are the most cheerful, merry, old couple, that can possibly be conceived; owing, perhaps, to that constancy and affection they have ever entertained for each other from their youth, till the present hour. Both being of a very spare habit of body, their true age is become perceptible in them; and, though some years ago they appeared much younger than they were, they now shew every symptom of that great age to which they have attained: indeed, the constitution of Sir John has always been rather delicate; but though all natural warmth seem to have departed from

their bodies, their hearts glow with all the fervour of benevolence and charity.

They never had any children; and though the affectionate mind of Lady Somerville finds ample satisfaction in assisting the poor around her, and in imparting many little elegancies and comforts to those among her numerous relatives, who are not so blest, as she is, by fortune's favours, yet an heart, like hers, wants something, some dear domestic favourite, that she can love at all times: she has accordingly, in concurrence with her husband, (who is equally pleased as herself with her *protegée*,) adopted a beautiful little female dwarf; who has all the wit we generally find amongst those species of nature's freaks. In fact, it may be said, that it is Miss Burton, the above little lady, who reigns over and governs the house of Sir John Somerville as much as she does over the affections of her kind and venerable protectors.

Indulged Kittens.

Next to this favourite is a set of petted kittens; who are so fat and pampered, that they discover all the inherent tiger in their nature, and growl at strangers, with a degree of ferociousness, like angry dogs. With these sleek and beautiful favourites, adorned with pink ribbons or silver chains about their necks, according to their colour, Lady Somerville is seen reclining of a morning on a sumptuous bed, covered with linen of the finest texture and colour; and of the softest down, looking a fine remnant of what she has been. On one side of her lies a magnificently bound manual of devotions, and in equally expensive, but more light and tasteful, coverings, are the Spectator, Pope, Johnson, and other authors of celebrity; for she has, for some years, taken her breakfast in bed about ten, and then reads till twelve: then she rises, and attends to her domestic and housewifely concerns, with a bustle, activity, and care,

as if, instead of possessing many thousands, she was not worth a groat.

Amongst those who give themselves up to a country-life, it is seldom customary to dine very late; Sir John Somerville, and his family-party, which are scarce ever known to sit down, in their own family trio of the knight, his lady, and the favourite dwarf, dine rather early, because supper is their favourite meal: their table is, then spread with a profusion of dainties, foreign wines of various sorts, liquor and ale in abundance, and cheerful and correct mirth, is the order of the evening. Lady Somerville, who has not allowed herself scarce a quarter of an hour to dress for dinner, now seems like an happy and overjoyed housewife, whose work is done for the day, and is as jocund and lively as any of the gay and often numerous party: and here, the little *piquant* dwarf diverts her benefactors, and all the company, by

her sallies of wit and gaiety, and the harmonious warblings of a voice almost seraphic; the good pair delight in their adopted child: she is so little in her white frock, so infantine with her naturally waving hair, and with her diminutive fairy hands and feet she may commit even a thousand little faults, though she is nineteen years old, that would not be excusable in a well grown girl of only thirteen.

She has been habituated to call Sir John and his lady, father and mother, from the time she first became an inmate of their house; Sir John, towards a chill winter's evening, sometimes complains of the cold; "Dear father," she says, with the most artless and bewitching *naïveté*, "let me endeavour to warm you." And she jumps on his knee, and nestles her truly beautiful face in his bosom. The determined *quizzers* will, sometimes, laugh; but the principles and

ideas of Sir John Somerville are pure as the whole tenor of his conduct to his little darling.

Nothing can more evince the real goodness of Sir John and his lady than their adoption of this, otherwise, unfortunate little creature; as she is not possessed of fortune, she would have been, without their friendly assistance, cut off from genteel society, and in a manner proscribed much other intercourse, and have been a burthen to her parents.

That Miss Burton wants not art and discernment is certain; and she perceives that she has unbounded influence over her benefactors; but we believe she never makes use of it to prejudice them against another, but endeavours rather to conciliate their friendship for those she may think in want of it.

So strange and eccentric is Lady Somerville, that she will sometimes carefully pick up every bit of chip she finds about the grounds, and order it to be carried to the wood house; nay, sometimes she will carry it there herself. She will carefully unpick an old bell-hoop, make it into dusters, and express as much joy as if she had found a treasure. This saving scheme, or any other, is sure to be instantly followed by some kind present to a relative of small fortune: at other times she will take a fit of carefully locking up, herself, what she would have set by for supper, instead of leaving it to the housekeeper; a choice pigeon-pie, or some rich preserves; and for this, Miss Burton will take care, by some legerdemain tricks, to make her suffer for it; either by punishing the wine, or throwing the key of the gate out of the window, when all the family are gone to bed, that Lady Somerville's waiting-maid, and the other upper servants,

may go to a neighbouring ball, which it had, perhaps, neither been convenient or proper for them to attend.

But the most ludicrous scene is Sir John Somerville's household on a Sunday winter's evening. The Knight himself is a most excellent man, but a little tainted with deistical principles, which often give pain to the real and unaffected piety of Lady Somerville.

However, he knows that it is his duty, as a master of a family, to set a good example: and he always attends divine service at the parish church, and makes his servants attend, in their turns, when the weather will permit: and he really, from his heart, respects each established religion of all the civilized nations.

When the severe snows and bad weather will not allow of his family all go-

ing to church, he reads prayers to them, on a Sunday evening, and a short sermon.

It would require the pencil of a Bunbury to do justice to the groupe. It has been a very cold day, and the generous and good-natured Sir John has ordered the men-servants a double portion of the best and strongest home-brewed ale; therefore, with what they purloined themselves into the bargain, they enter the great parlour well impregnated with malt and hops, and literally *top-heavy*. The female servants, they get weary long before the sermon begins; and then the picture of the sleeping congregation is displayed; the volatile Miss Burton, obliged, *malgré elle*, to sit still, yields to the power of Morpheus; and as her legs do not reach half-way from the chair to the ground, she often disgraces herself by falling plump on the floor.

A sleeping Congregation.

The coachman and head-gardener, who have both lived with their master forty years, nod, in opposite directions; the pretty waiting-maid of Lady Somerville makes most graceful bows to her master, with her eyes sealed up in sleep; and the subaltern servants, in the back-ground, are sometimes heard to snore, in deep tones, aloud.

But it has happened, too, that when Sir John has dismissed them with his blessing, that a second draught of ale, between the coachman and gardener, destroy that peace which the master's religious *precepts* have been endeavouring to inculcate; and these two old servants go on, fighting, as far as the parlour-doors, till the good Sir John is obliged to use his efforts to quell the tumult; while each declares, respectively, he will not live any longer in his place, unless his comrade is discharged.

"My dear, says Sir John to his Lady,

"this is shocking! this is dreadful! what are we to do? I cannot part with Thomas, my gardener! No one understands my hot-houses, nor my late and early peaches, in which I take so much pride, and which are allowed to be so superior to any in the country, as he does. The coachman must go!"—"My dear," replies Lady Somerville, "if John goes, I will never enter the chariot again; no one shall drive me but John: so do as you please."

Very soon an arrangement takes place between the good Knight and his Lady, which is, that, as they are such old and good servants, they must keep them both: and John and Thomas, presuming on their long services, and different useful powers, still continue to do pretty much as they please; while little Miss Burton, all life and activity, can back the most spirited hunter in the stables, makes herself useful in the family; increases in

fascination, and is idolized by the truly worthy Sir John Somerville and his Lady.

To sum up the character of Sir John and his Lady: the settled character of the gentleman seems inherent in Sir John's composition; it was stamped on all his lineaments from his birth; age and infirmities have it not in their power to do it away from his every movement; and the accomplishments of his mind and heart shew him incapable of ever committing one single action to militate against that elegant character; whilst, in two words, my Lady has found the rare secret of making economy prodigal, and prodigality useful.

MRS. WAKEFIELD.

"*Hominis frugi et temperantis functus officium.*" TER.

THIS lady, an only child, had the misfortune of losing her mother very early; and was plagued with one of those penurious fathers, who, abounding in riches, are yet so terrified with the dread of absolutely dying for want, that avarice increases in them with every succeeding day; and their miserable propensities become proverbial.

Miss Dawson, now Mrs. Wakefield, was possessed of great good-nature, with no idea of saving; on the contrary, it rather created in her a kind of disgust, when she witnessed the anxious care of her father in amassing money.

She panted after public diversions; but

the utmost she ever enjoyed was when Mr. Dawson, taken with a fit of parental fondness, would permit her to behold her Sovereign, as he stepped into his carriage from a crowded levee; or she might take a peep at his beautiful cream-coloured Hanoverian stud, as they entered the royal stables. These temporary gratifications were but very imperfectly seen; but then they *cost nothing*, though they would be sure to be followed by many reflective remarks, of, how detrimental the gravel of the Park was to shoe-leather.

Miss Dawson would often drop a tear, in secret, when she read a newspaper of three days old, lent from a neighbouring public house, whose keeper, in consideration of Mr. Dawson's taking half-a-pint of porter every evening, and his recommending those people to the house who were foolish enough to spend their money in drink, allowed Mr. Dawson to peruse it for *half an hour*. Poor Miss Daw-

son would there read accounts of masked balls, plays, summer amusements, departures from, and arrivals to, different watering places, and all the routine of fashionable elegance, with an heart full of wishes, and a bosom panting with the most ambitious desires, to make one in "the gay throng." Alas! Vauxhall, both the Theatres, the *Sans-Souci*, the *Sans-Pareil*, the Panoramas, and Cosmorama, even Mrs. Salmon's Wax-work, were shut out from her, as well as a three-penny puppet-show.

She read of the most extravagant dresses, trimmed with lace, velvet, gold, and silver, and even pearls: she saw herself the luxurious display of fashion, in in all the milliners' and dress-makers' shops, as she walked out; all *her* finery consisted in a dark stuff gown, to save washing; for on no account was she allowed to attire herself in white, or wear any cap; but she was permitted unlimit-

ed indulgence in curling and disposing her long and dark hair to the best advantage, because that *cost nothing*.

Mr. Dawson, however, did not allow his daughter to walk out quite so often as he used to do, because it wore out her shoes; she, therefore, from taking little exercise, grew very fat and uninteresting for so young a person.

The close manner in which this old gentleman and his daughter lived made many begin to suspect that he really was as poor as he seemed to be; and not being any way tempted, by the *beauty* of the young lady, the fortune-hunters kept off, afraid of being *bit* themselves; while the rich and dashing bucks of fashion never thought about her.

From a regular series of temperance, and being possessed of a flinty constitu-

tution, spite of the continual agitations of her mind, Miss Dawson had attained her forty-sixth year, before the old gentleman, her father, made his exit from this transitory globe. The snows of age had, some years before, (from increased confinement) fallen on her uncovered head: in vain she besought her inexorable parent to permit her to wear a cap, if only a black one: no, he liked her hair better. "And why, Peggy," said he, "should you wish to appear younger than you are? Comb your grey locks straight over your temples, and you will look venerable, and create respect." But Miss Dawson did not yet wish to look *venerable*; and she continued to twist and twist again the *petits anneaux d'argent*, (the little silvery curls) over her yet *comely* cheeks.

She one day, by a bold *manœuvre*, tried to obtain his consent to her wearing a *wig!* alleging, that she had the rheuma-

tism so bad in her head, that she must otherwise send for a doctor. On this, her enraged parent swore, that if either a *wig* or a *doctor* came into his house, he would throw them both into the fire, and herself after 'em! "No, no, Peggy," he added, "if you have the rheumatism so bad in your *upper chamber*, why, I will lend you one of my warm, woollen, red night-caps to comfort you; which will look just as well on your head as the fine crimson velvet caps worn by our extravagant dames of fashion: wear that in the day, my old girl, and steam your head over some hot water, at night, before the kitchen fire is put out, and your complaint will soon wheel off.

Miss Dawson, perceiving that she gained nothing, soon was cured; and, in a few months, the old gentleman, having purchased the whole, the very whole, of a lottery ticket, in the ardent hopes of accumulation, but which came up a

blank, soon fretted himself into his grave!

Miss Dawson now found herself in possession of a most immense and almost incalculable fortune; she resolved, then, to make herself amends for the life of penance she had so long endured: she first buried her father, with cost and expence, but no more magnificence than accorded with his situation in life, that of a wealthy citizen.

She set up a most elegant carriage, her liveries were rich, and herself the pattern of expensive and mourning fashion.

During the early period of her sables, she visited Brighton, Margate, and the Isle of Wight; her riches made hr society hailed with condescending affability, and her fashionable acquaintance began to be extensive. Early in the ensuing winter she went to Bath, and entered

into every expence in that region of extravagance: but she had a few grains of her father's prudence in her composition, and she took care to give the adventurers, with which that place abounds, no chance towards the possession of her person and fortune. She felt herself so truly happy, why, thought she, should she change her situation? She was flattered, feasted, caressed, and even courted; she should certainly, at her age, lose the latter gratification, if she became a wife.

She concluded the winter in London; was either at one or other of the theatres every evening, or the Opera, attending the routs of her new acquaintance, or giving her own brilliant parties.

In the spring she threw off the "outward garb of woe," and, dressed in all the elegant *costume* of the newest fashions, she repaired to pay a visit to a married lady, in the full prime of her life, and

who had been an occasional visitor at her father's: as she was a very lovely and amiable woman, Miss Dawson entertained a sincere regard for her.

Nothing could be more calculated to inspire certain tender ideas than the charming situation of this friend's house: the hanging groves, inhabited by pairing turtles, the sloping lawn, and shady, mysterious summer-house, all imparted a kind of luxurious, though innocent, thrill to a warm imagination.

Miss Dawson might, if we may be allowed to use the expression, be styled *young of her age;* and from the auxiliaries of dress, a beautiful *chevelure* made to copy nature most closely, and being naturally not of a bad complexion, she did not look an undesirable woman.

Amongst the visitors who frequented this hospitable mansion, was a young

clergyman; who, hearing of Miss Dawson's splendid fortune, having no particular attachment, and very little money, he resolved to pay his court to the wealthy virgin.

The Reverend Mr. Morgan is, certainly, a very good, sensible, little man; and does honour to his profession, by the accomplishments of his mind and the purity of his morals: if he has a fault, it is that of being rather too fond of taking care of the "main chance:" but when a man is a younger brother in a large family, brought up with strict economy to know the true value of money, there is much to be pleaded in his excuse.

Young Morgan became unremitting in his attentions to Miss Dawson; and she was much struck with the young divine.

A company of players arrived in the

town; the master of the house loved his friend over a bottle, and rural sports, much better than those the theatre afforded. The Reverend David Morgan was, therefore, appointed to escort the ladies. The mistress of the house had so severe an head-ach, that she excused herself from going, and Miss Dawson was to be attended, alone, by her insensible *inamorato*: he really, then, intended to make his addresses in form; but found his heart misgive him every time the secret was mounting to his lips; and, for that evening, it there expired!

Miss Dawson ventured to take him, tenderly, by the hand, as he walked with her up the avenue which led to her friend's house. Oh! frigid, cold-hearted swain! he let fall his unmeaning hand into her's like a piece of inanimate wood, and quickly drew it away! The lady felt her pride much hurt. Poor Morgan was an honest, warm-tempered Cambrian, yet

could not melt at the advances of gray-headed virginity.

She would not sit down with him to supper; she affected indisposition, and retired to her chamber: before she tried to compose herself to sleep, she confessed her slighted love to her friend.

This lady wished them both well; she thought Morgan too young for Miss Dawson, but she knew he was a worthy man, and that he would always behave to her with that attention as is due to a gentlewoman; and also, that the lady could do more for him in one hour than all the rich patrons of the Church would do for years. She, therefore, told Miss Dawson, that she was sure if her friend Morgan had been cool and distant, it was from a sense of his own inferiority in point of fortune; and that if he had evinced any raptures, she must have thought them artificial, or only origin-

ating in the idea of his being put in possession of her riches: "and," added she, "I dare say, he thinks that the virtuous inclination you feel for him is truly Platonic!"

But Miss Dawson was not so very *platonic* in her ideas; and though peace was restored, and matters seemed fast drawing to the important crisis of matrimony, Miss Dawson complained to her friend, that Morgan was really the coldest of lovers; for, in all their frequent walks and *tête-à-tête*, he had never once offered *to salute her!!*

However, poor Morgan's destiny was soon sealed; he one night, by the help of a few glasses extraordinary of Madeira, confessed his, can we call it, passion, in form, and seemed impatient for his fair one to name the happy day: but all this was not accompanied by *one* gentle embrace, or even one tender pressure

of her vestal hand. Silly man ! had he appeared more warm in his love for her person, she might have been in an yielding moment of affectionate tenderness induced to make him the master of her store of wealth ; but he shewed *that* to be so much his object, that, when they began to speak of settlements, he very impolitically refused to settle any part of it on his dear Margaret ; who instantly broke off the connection, and repaired to London.

Here she saw a very elegant young man, belonging to the Law, of the name of Wakefield ; whose scanty purse could by no means keep pace with his fashionable ideas. He soon found out her failing, and profited by it ; but how has he profited ? he has shewn himself a truly generous and grateful man.

In his days of courtship nothing could exceed the ardour or the warmth of his caresses, his wishing, sighs, or persuasive

looks: the lady with a coquettish giggle, said one day to him, "Come, come, I know it is only my fortune that you want." "No, madam," replied he, I trust to your generosity to support me, as the gentleman who has the honour of being your husband; if you grant me the felicity of calling your person mine, in a legal way, your large fortune shall be entirely settled upon yourself.

The lady would not be outdone in liberality; she divided her fortune in two unequal parts, settling the largest portion on her young husband; who, with true nobleness of spirit, the day after their marriage, settled it again on herself, that he might never be tempted in any future moment of distaste to treat her with neglect.

Mrs. Wakefield has lately made her will, appointing him her sole heir; but

no adoring husband can be more attentive, or more diligently assiduous to preserve her inconstant health and cheerfulness; she is one of the happiest of married women, and her grateful husband and herself have but one purse in common between them.

Such is naturally the result of an union with a man whose heart and mind are intrinsically good, and governed by the principles of rectitude, feeling, and liberality. Mr. Wakefield reflects with pity on the bloom of his wife's early years, and the summer season of her life, wasted under the severe control of an avaricious parent. He finds her invariably pleased and good-humoured. She makes his home comfortable; and he enjoys through her bounty all the elegancies of fashion, and the luxuries of polished life. Though the smiles of youth no longer embellish Mrs. Wakefield's countenance, yet she

ever welcomes him with a smile; and as she increases in years, she disgusts not by assuming a girlish fondness, but shews herself on all occasions to be his kind, generous, and steady friend.

MR. BORRAGE.

This gentleman was the son of a farmer, near Taunton; and having lost his father and mother when he was hardly ten years of age, received his education from his grandmother, who took a particular care to infuse in him, what she called the essence of virtue—Economy. Not poor, yet niggardly parsimonious, she found in her pupil a mind naturally apt to imbibe her principles. She sent him to school at Wellington, where he learned, with amazing quickness, the elements of writing, and the multiplication-table. At fifteen he was articled to an attorney at Bridgewater, where the genial turn of his mind apprehended, with uncommon facility, all the tricks and mysteries of chicane. His master, who had been for

many years the land-steward of a dozen of country squires in the neighbourhood, finding in young Borrage a fit person to succeed him in a business so profitable, and from which he intended soon to retire, promised him, as a reward for his assiduity to the desk, and his ability at reckoning and swelling accounts, and at last gave him, his daughter in marriage.

Industry and economy are always sure to produce riches; and, possessing these two qualities in an eminent degree, Mr. Borrage soon perceived that the precious stream of Pactolus had taken its course through his enlarged premises. But the country was not a stage sufficiently extensive to display his talents; he sold his concern to advantage, and, speculating still farther on the means of increasing his fortune, repaired to the metropolis, where his daily and most important correspondence had made him already well known as a most intelligent Attorney.

A Change in his Character.

A Latin poet, well known for the sagacity and justness of his observations, has said, that those who travel may change place, but do not change their temper *; however, this cannot be applied to Mr. Borrage, for as soon as he had made his establishment in one of the first squares of the west end of the town, and opened an office in one of the inns, all his bent for economy and industry was biassed by the many temptations daily offered to him. He grew proud, and launched, blindfolded, in all sorts of extravagancies. Leaving to his clerks the burthen of business, he would never condescend to take any trouble about his clients, except when they were of the first rate, and nothing short of a coronet could obtain a personal consultation from him.

His wife rushed, on her side, into all

* Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.
Horat.

the follies and expences of fashion and high life, and, too much addicted to gambling speculations, and revelling parties, worked herself soon to a state of stupidity, which nothing could palliate abroad or remedy at home. They had no children living. She separated from her husband, who treated her with sovereign contempt, and retired to Berkshire, her native county, where she ended in a slow decline a life which had become both indifferent to herself and burthensome to her friends.

In a plebeian mind pride is an exotic, heterogeneous plant; it generally destroys the ground it has fermented upon, or soon dies away and leaves nothing behind but foolish insignificancy; like the Jamaica raven, who, when he courts the hens of the farmer's yard, produces an offspring whose birth causes the death of the mother fowl, its effects are monstrous, and the stifling of all good qualities there im-

planted before is an unavoidable result of its workings. Mr. Borrage was a striking instance of it. He soon forgot his origin, and, courted by flatterers, was swoln with the most insufferable vanity. He saw company, and gave dinners; but seldom would deign to address his guests, who would have starved at table, if, through a noble spite against their uncouth, uncivilized host, they had not, with a rudeness which could not be authorised or equalled but by his own uncivil conduct, helped themselves freely of what they had at hand on the inhospitable board.

They used to keep him in countenance till he had drank himself to sleep; and when his servant had carried him to bed, they enjoyed themselves and quaffed his wine with a vengeance.

Mr. Borrage led this kind of life for

several years, treating men whom he despised because they praised his wine, and who despised him because he did not praise them. His illnaturedness grew apace: a single servant, an old man, who, by the hope of seeing his name at full-length in the will of his master, could patiently smile when he was foaming with rage, that man had been for many years the only person who could live at his house. However, his obsequiousness was not rewarded as he expected; for, at his death, a day of jubilation for his heirs at law, no will of any kind was produced or found —it is supposed that the friend in whose hands he had deposited it, had, by some accident, destroyed it, and that those, who had signed it as witnesses, were dead. Five poor families in some parishes of Somersetshire divided his fortune, and used to say, when speaking of him, "Cousin Joe was just like that there pig—good for nothing 'till he was dead.

An Epitaph.

Though expressed in the rude words of those peasants, this funeral oration has a poignant meaning, and we should recommend it as a proper epitaph for all proud, upstart *parvenus,* who, blinded by affluence and riches, despise both the rules of society and the ties of nature, and live entirely for themselves.

THE LAST

EVENING AT LAUREL VILLA.

> " — — Male verum examinat omnis
> Corruptus judex ——"
>
> Horat.

All the elegant card-boxes, tric-trac, and chess tables, were packed up, and the noble trio had the barouche ordered at ten the next morning, to convey them part of their journey to town, as they intended to pay several visits in their way to some friends and distant relatives.

In the barouche were to travel the Duchess, her son, and daughter; while her head waiting-woman, whose attendance, since her blindness, she continually wanted, was to ride on the box with the coachman: two new carriages covered with matting, one belonging to the Marquis

of Waltham were to bring up the rear, and contain the rest of the female servants.

They were sitting, taking their wine and autumnal fruit, which the hot-house still afforded them in perfection, after a late dinner, when the Duchess broke silence by saying, "Charlotte has not kept her word; the first time I ever knew the dear, precise, conscientious creature, falsify a promise."

Lady Charlotte laughed, and said, "Now, my dear Duchess, why will you call me precise? But what can you mean by your accusation?"

"I thought," replied her Grace, "that you promised us a very fine sentimental history of true existing characters, in the shape and style of a novel!"

"I plead guilty," said Lady Charlotte.

" In the first place, I found the story, to do it justice, would take up such considerable length, thatyour Grace, who does not like any thing which borders on the romantic, would be quite weary; and I must have depicted in it the characters of two unnatural brothers, who, though they deserve to be exposed, stand so high in the great world, in rank and eminence, that I thought my pen should not flow with that gall, which it must unavoidably have done in describing their characters; and, if my papers by any unforeseen accident should be lost, it might be attended with very unpleasant consequences to me. And now, my dear brother, continued she, addressing the Marquis, " Where is your wanton widow so long promised?"

" Why I will tell you, ladies," said the Marquis; " my wanton widow is so *very* wanton, that I must either suppress the chief and most entertaining part of her

life, or else offend you by the recital of her forward follies: but will you permit me to give you a sketch of the beautiful Miss Doncaster?"

"Beautiful, indeed," said the Duchess "to a miracle of youthful appearance; I saw her the beginning of last winter amongst girls of eighteen and twenty at the Hanover-square concerts, and she really looked the youngest of them all."

"Your Grace and the honourable Amelia Doncaster used to be spoken of as rival beauties," said the Marquis.

"Possibly," said the Duchess, "but our attractions were quite of a different nature; Miss Doncaster was always very lovely, but she never had any thing dignified about her person."

This the unfortunate Duchess uttered with her usual tone of *hauteur*; while

Continued.

her open forehead, her handsome Roman nose, and well-formed mouth, shewed how majestic had been that beauty she once possessed, and of which she had yet such fine remains. Her blindness had nothing in it repellant; for her eyes were closed; and the black velvet bandage she generally wore over them imparted softness to her countenance, and created the liveliest feelings of pity and interest in the bosoms of those who beheld her.

"We shall not sit up late to night, Philip," said the Duchess, addressing her son; "so give us, now, your promised little sketch of the Hebe-like Miss Doncaster."

THE HON. AMELIA DONCASTER.

"— Tardè, quæ credita lædunt,
Credimus —"

OVID.

THIS lady is the possessor of a most immense fortune, and an uncommon share of beauty, but with an adequate portion of pride to be thrown into the scale with the other two great endowments.

Her youthful loveliness is greatly heightened by an unchanged profusion of beautiful auburn tresses; and it may truly be said, that, in outward appearance, she is a model of perfection; for in the uncommon care which is taken of her health, and the varied decorations of her person, she seems to laugh at the power of time or decay. Miss Doncaster has long, very long, glittered a star in the hemisphere of fashion; and though the old and middle-aged *beaux* have

quitted her in despair, who had an eye to her large fortune, as well as her fine person, yet the young and gay, who have no conception of her age, (it seldom being the theme of polite conversation), are greatly captivated by the beauty of her countenance and the brilliancy of her wit: for though she is of a very turbulent temper, she can make herself, in company, truly agreeable.

As she has servants and dependants to wreak her passion on, she never lets it prey on her own mind to disturb that sweet serenity of physiognomy for which she is so remarkable.

To see her reposing on her pillow in the morning, in a gentle and tranquil slumber, she might serve as a model to a Titian for one of his *sleeping beauties;* her fair and smooth forehead, shaded by the fine lace of her night-cap, her cheek glowing with the purest and brightest

tints of roseate nature, while her love-breathing lips, of a deeper vermilion dye, look, as our divine poet says,

> "Like two red roses on a stalk,
> "That in their Summer beauty kiss'd each other."

One evening last winter she went to a masquerade attired as a Virgin of the Sun. An elegant Inca kept her in view; he followed her from room to room; was enchanted with her wit, the peculiar grace of her movements, and the loveliness of her figure. She was no less charmed with the Inca, and almost wished her *own* vows of celibacy could be as easily broken as those she had adopted for that night only.

The masquerade was not a public one; it was select, and composed of the first nobility. The Inca was impatient for the hour of supper; and, seated amongst

a titled and highly respectable party, he beheld the priestess of his god.

What a blaze of beauty met his eye! the young man was like one intoxicated; he thought he had never before seen so complete a representation of the goddess of youth; he was astonished at the brilliancy and profundity of her intellectual endowments, in a person of such a girlish countenance, apparently in the first bloom of youth,

He took off his gilded vizor. A fine, manly, brown-complexioned face, with a pair of large sparkling black eyes, full of intelligence and sweetness, rivetted her attention; they were, in themselves, eloquence.

He recognised many friends in her party, and the Inca and the Virgin separated no more for that evening.

The vows of love, constancy, and marriage, were whispered in her listening ear: though she did not absolutely cause him to despair, she gave him very little reason to hope.

He was a younger son of a noble and wealthy house just arrived from abroad: his rank in life was exalted, and an alliance with his family was looked up to by every parent with desire and ambition.

She arrived home in the morning about four, went to bed, and slept well till one o'clock the next afternoon.

The intoxicating, fleeting, pleasure of the evening was past! the sobriety of cool reflection came with the morning.

My pride, thought she, even in the softest bloom of my early life, has ever kept me from giving myself a fashionable tyrant to dispute my will, and perhaps,

in a few years, to despise my person! What, then, will it be now? This day is my birth-day! this day I am fifty years old! Shall I marry a man of whom I might have been the mother? Shall I see these beauties, he so much extolled, neglected for the vulgar attractions of some low-born country girl, because she may chance to be possessed of youthful charms! No; Amelia Doncaster, never shall any mortal creature be a master over you! I will no longer deceive the world in respect of my age: my blooming appearance I cannot disguise; it is nature, pure, as when she first formed me. I recollect the bewitching Inca last night treated me as if I was a girl much younger than himself: he shall be undeceived; my Cousin Lydia is a great chatter-box; I need only tell her my true age, and, buzz, it flies through all the different routs before to-morrow morning. I shall still be admired for the exquisite taste and fancy of my dress;

and for being wonderful for my youthful appearance: while the fortune-hunters well know, that if my pride, when a girl, prevented me from marrying, it will certainly keep me now from yielding up my person, my fortune, and uncontrolled power, to an arbitrary husband. I have seen too much amongst my married friends to envy their lot in any one instance whatever.

As soon as she had completed her toilette, the wished-for young lady, her cousin, Lady Lydia Doncaster, made her appearance. "How lovely you look this morning, my sweet cousin," said she; "and how charmingly Newton, (meaning her woman) has pinned on that lace-turban of your's over your fair forehead: if you looked as charming last night, no wonder you made such havock in the heart of the Honourable General Cuthbert."

"My Dear Lydia," replied the smiling Miss Doncaster, "this is my birth-day." "Well," said Lady Lydia, "I never knew you own to a birth-day before."

"Yes," said Miss Doncaster, "I am this day, sweet *fif*—— (and making a long pause, she concluded it with) *teen*."

"Indeed!" replied Lady Lydia, "you really astonish me; *badinage apart*, I thought you were only sweet *four*——*teen*."

"*Fif*——*teen*, I assure you," replied Miss Doncaster; "and I will not offend the chaste and bright luminary, of which I was last night the priestess, even to avail myself of the permission that is given us to marry an Inca."

The lively cousins soon parted; and

it was not long before Miss Doncaster's real age was soon exactly known in every fashionable circle in London; and those venerable tabbies, who could no longer themselves appear young, readily affirmed the truth of what they were well acquainted with.

Miss Doncester still continues the most extravagant and fashionable modes of dress; an artful waiting-maid makes her place a sinecure; she has but to say, that such a gown sits ill to her shape, that the train is awkward; or to find some such fault; Miss Doncaster throws away the gown, however costly, saying, "Take it away; take it out of my sight; keep it yourself, and never let me see it again."

An artful girl knows, that when her mistress is possessed of refined and acute sense, like Miss Doncaster, she must not repeat these *manœuvres* too often; but the waiting-maid of this expensive lady,

by playing her cards well, makes near three hundred a-year by the spoils of her mistress's wardrobe.

The temper of Miss Doncaster has been observed lately to increase in asperity: we rather think, in her total rejection of General Cuthbert, she felt very severe pangs of self-denial: he easily gave up the pursuit, when he learned, with astonishment, the age of his beautiful virgin of the sun! not being a man willing or desirous of uniting himself to a woman so many years older than himself, for the sake of her wealth or present personal endowments, which he, as well as many others, seems willing to think chiefly owing to art: but in this opinion Miss Doncaster is highly wronged.

Yet General Cuthbert is still single; and Miss Doncaster, on that occasion, is not without a sweet emotion of pleasurable vanity, when she reflects that, perhaps, it may be on her account.

But she is mistaken; General Cuthbert is perfectly cured, not only by a knowledge of her age, but by that of her violent and imperious temper. She is indebted to nothing but all-bountiful nature for the transcendent and uncommon charms of her person; but as no one will believe it, and as no one dares accuse her, she has the reputation of being entirely *made up*: it is in vain her real friends and intimates, who are accustomed to penetrate into her chamber and dressing-room, affirm the contrary; envy and malice make them shut their ears agains their veracity, and Miss Doncaster lives the victim of the most unmerited suspicion.

The care she takes of her health, lest the freezing northern wind should blow on her beautiful lips, and profanely chap the carmine softness they yet retain; lest the ardent summer sun should ever scorch her alabaster forehead, or speckle the white-

ness of her beautiful arms and hands; her life of ease and affluence, her table spread with all the delicacies of every season; the pure and unadulterated foreign wines she drinks; all these luxuries enjoyed and taken with moderation and temperance, unite their assistance to the charming health already enjoyed by Miss Doncaster, and bids fair to preserve her long in her primeval beauty.

In the summer she generally visits round the coast: her riches, the elegant appearance she makes, the charms of her person and conversation, generally render her every where a welcome guest. Her pride and uncontrolable temper are her only faults; the first makes her arrogant and haughty to all whom she looks down upon as her inferiors; and her servants often feel the dreadful effects of her violent passions; yet, after she has vented them on those who dare not return the

injury, she will enter a fashionable party, with her face dressed in smiles, and placidity seated on her brow.

She charms every one by her wit and vivacity; and we will venture to say, that, while Miss Doncaster lives, she will never be without admirers.

THE STATE OF THE

DUKE OF PYRMONT'S FAMILY,

AFTER THEIR RETURN TO TOWN.

"—— Natura beatis,
Omnibus esse dedit, si quis cognoverit uti."
CLAUDIAN.

We have beheld in the once admired, the once haughty and dissipated, Duchess of Pyrmont a striking and awful example of unbounded vanity: but we have beheld, also, her gradual reformation; and that the unexpected calamity which she brought on herself, though dreadful, was to her an healing chastisement to ameliorate her mind.

Her sole earthly amusement was her music: a recreation nearly approaching to heavenly enjoyment; and her mind was lifted up by it to pant after celestial happiness. The world had vanished

from her sight, its pleasures receded daily from her senses; and she requested her Charlotte to be the inspectress of her outward attire, and to let it be such only as became her age.

This lovely young woman, free from fastidious prudery, utterly devoid of all puritanical contracted ideas, loved yet to see her mother look beautiful; and amongst the crowds that frequented their residence in town, to which they were now returned, she could not endure to see the shrugs of coxcomical insolence, when the *quizzing* glass was directed towards the faded form of her once lovely parent. She, therefore, still tinged her pallid cheek with the roseate bloom, and attended with scrupulous exactitude to the adorning of her Grace's person; which as she took care her decorations should be elegant, but no longer youthful, the Duchess of Pyrmont, as she declined towards the conclusive stage of her exist-

ence, appeared more interesting, and spoke more to the feeling heart, than she had ever yet done in all the possession of blooming youth and splendid maturity: for, at those periods of her life, her's was the proud beauty of a Roxana, or a Cleopatra, towering over her inferiors, and exacting homage from all: as her charms were of that kind which time is not capable ever of wholly subduing, but by death, placidity, content, and resignation, now embellished the beautiful ruin: and appeared to render her outward attractions of a new and more pleasing kind.

From keeping regular and early hours, from taking rather less exercise than formerly, she had grown plump; and her wrinkles were far less perceptible than at the time she aspired, by girlish nudity and the display of a withered throat, to counteract the influence of the leveller, Time.

Imprudence of the Duke.

Flattery again assailed the wealthy, the magnificent Duchess; again, she sometimes could scarce help slightly lending a willing ear to the music of praise.

But a misfortune which overtook her husband, now helped to finish the great work which her own blindness had began. Amongst the many vices of fashion to which the Duke was addicted was an incorrigible love for gaming.

From the profusion of wealth he enjoyed, he scarce knew the extent of the immense sums he had lost; for though so fond of play, fortune had by no means a mutual affection for him, for he was generally a loser.

He left all his affairs to his steward; fortunately, a man of integrity; but a man of integrity cannot render money an ever flowing spring for a careless extravagant nobleman.

Gambling, and its dreadful Effects.

One evening, at a noted gaming-house in St. James's-street, his grace lost an enormous sum: he played for his revenge; played till six the next morning, doubled his ventures each time, and as the last desperate effort staked the reversion of the Pyrmont estates against twenty-thousand pounds.

The chance of the dice was in favour of his adversary! he *generously* told the Duke, who had already lost upwards of sixty-thousand pounds, that he might make it up an hundred, and he would give up every claim to the reversion of all the rents of the ducal estate. The wary Lord had calculated the Duke's losings from time to time; he knew the estate must be encumbered.

Stung with pride, though accepting the offer, promising to send a draft in the morning; maddened with his ill success, the Duke repaired home: vain were all

the luxuries of his stately bed-chamber, vain the soft bed of down, on which he threw himself, to afford him one moment's comfort or repose! and before nine, he was with his steward, who declared to his grace, that he had not ten thousand pounds in the world! that he must recollect the heavy mortgages already on the Pyrmont estates, and that his artful adversary, at play, had only made his proposal from affected generosity; but in fact, to rid himself of the reversion, with such troublesome appendages.

"I was to send him a draft or cash, this morning, to the *tune* of forty thousand pounds! he has already won sixty of me, I think I might be allowed, if we cannot raise the money, to stick to my first proposal, and let him have the reversion," said the Duke.

"My Lord Duke," said the Steward, "I do not think it justice to your son to

give up the revenues of the Pyrmont estate in that manner."

"True, and Philip is not extravagant;" replied the Duke: "he may be able, in a few years' time, after my death, to buy off the mortgages; I will write a draft on my banker for the forty thousand pounds, and you shall take the cash to that gambler, Lord Henry; for, would you believe it, he actually made an objection to taking my draft.

"My Lord Duke, these gentlemen, who live almost, (and I am sorry to say so of any nobleman,) by the ill luck of others at the gaming table, generally take care to inform themselves of the depth of their opponent's credit at their various bankers: and I am sorry to inform your grace, that it is of no use my presenting the draft for any thing like that sum at your banker's; he refused to honour the draft I took for you after you went out yesterday

morning, and which was only for nine thousand pounds; he said, he had already given you sixty thousand, forty of which was in advance! I assure you, my Lord Duke, your pecuniary affairs are in a desperate condition, from your continual ill luck at play; and though I have so repeatedly requested your grace to look into them, you have kept putting me off, from day to day, and from year to year.

It is a remark which is founded on the strictest veracity, that, when the sight is gone, the hearing is of all other senses the most fine and acute: a kind and beneficent Providence has so ordered it, to make the privation of that gratifying sense, the visual faculty, less severe.

The Duchess had just quitted the steward's room; how different had been the motives of her visit! She had just taken from him two thousand pounds,

to be employed in charitable uses: she heard, as she passed out of the door of the apartment, her husband enter. The sound of embarrassment and distress dwelt on his address to his steward; she stopped, she heard all—she felt the arm of Lady Charlotte tremble as she hung on it.

"We have lived," said the Duchess, "long together as strangers: but he is my husband, he is the father of my children!" and, pressing her Charlotte with affection to her heart, she retired to her apartment.

She sent for the Duke to come to her; he answered her by a polite apology, that, not being very well, it was then impossible. By a second message, she told him, it was of the utmost importance to them both that he came to her immediately.

With slow and unwilling footsteps,

a contemptuous lip, and frowning brow, he entered, exclaiming, "Madam, I sent you word it was not convenient for me to attend you. And what can possibly be your reason? Why such earnestness in desiring an interview with me? I believe your father took care to put it out of my power to make you any way dependant on *me*; and as you do not play very high, I should imagine your almost princely revenue sufficient for your pecuniary concerns."

"My Lord," said the Duchess, with unassumed patience and mildness, "pardon me; it is a favour of a pecuniary nature that I have to ask of you, which made me so anxious to speak with you." Finding him about, with impetuous surprise, to interrupt,—the exclamation of "Good Heavens! Madam," having escaped him, she said, with quickness, "my Lord, you were always a *polite*

man; suffer me to speak, and when I have done, testify surprise, or what you please.

"Half of the large fortune bestowed upon me when I married you, you were generously pleased to settle entirely upon myself, giving up every future claim to it: this I now wish to bestow upon your Grace: I know you are in want of it. I only desire to retain the estate of Laurel Villa, and which, you know, I am not allowed to part with: and why, when I have diamonds amounting in value to more than one hundred thousand pounds, why should your Grace know what it is to be in want of forty? What is the lustre of the finest jewels now to me? Age and vanity have closed my eyes against their brilliancy; therefore, for this last offered gift, you will be under no obligations to me.

My fortune, which I shall instantly

give orders to be paid into your hands, and resigning myself all future claim to it, will more than buy off the mortgages on the Pyrmont estate; and I beg leave to reside entirely in my now beloved retirement of Laurel Villa: and, oh! my Lord, suffer me, ere we part, to warn you against the inordinate and fatal love of play which now possesses you."

Thus did this generous woman give up her highest acquisitions of fortune, to save the honour and retrieve the circumstances of a man she had never loved; from whom she had experienced no one attention, which might draw the affections of her heart towards him; what she had styled generosity was an act of ostentation only, to make him thought much of in the eyes of the Duke of Benningsen; the half of his daughter's large fortune, when added to the Pyrmont revenues, and by making over the other half to her, the allowance he made her

for her *menus plaisirs*, was the less liberal.

She received from him, after the very first fortnight of their union, nothing but a series of infidelities and open dislike down to the present time.

The Duke now looked on his wife with amazement! Gratitude, that divine principle, animated his bosom: "Noble Elmira!" said he, "Oh! that I had sooner known how to appreciate thy worth!" And he clasped her to his breast with an ardour he had never felt for her in her more youthful days.

"I deserve not your praises, my Lord," said she; "I have been long worthless: the affection of a wife, the duties of a mother, have been unknown to, as unpractised by me: had one of us been better, it might have rendered both so.

And now, my Lord, I intreat you, instantly, to release yourself from obligation to the gambling Fenroy: I shall send for my lawyer to see the deeds executed.

Though the Duke did not take his wife's diamonds, which she did not strenuously urge, as she meant them for a present to her daughter; yet he was too much embarrassed not to thankfully accept the donation of her fortune, which she so peremptorily offered: at this we cannot much wonder; he had no romantic generosity, accompanied with self-denial, in his composition; his affairs had become desperate, and he knew, also, that the Duchess, when she had once determined on any thing, was not easily diverted from her purpose.

It was certain, that this his last loss deeply penetrated his mind; for though

he played with avidity, and sometimes high, he played with caution, and took care it should not be for more than he could afford to lose.

Though late, he imbibed a sincere regard for his wife: he even paid her a long visit, for the first time in his life, at Laurel Villa, the ensuing spring; went but very seldom to *Cousin Tom's*, and had no regular expensive *chere amie*.

Lady Charlotte married a worthy nobleman of high rank and splendid fortune; who is pleased that she should divide her time with her mother, either at Laurel Villa, or, during the winter, by her Grace's becoming an inmate of his Lordship's different mansions at Bath and London.

The Marquis of Waltham has yet shewn no signs of reformation, either

actual or in prospect: his mornings are passed in Bond-street, fashionable exhibitions, and driving a newly-constructed carriage of his own invention, to shew the eccentricity of his taste, as it is something between an hearse and a jaunting car. He devotes a few minutes of his evenings to the theatre; sometimes lounges away an hour at the Opera; takes often an expensive supper at *Cousin Tom's*, and concludes, before he reaches home, with a peep at the *Finish!!!*

Alas! such useless beings as the Marquis of Waltham, a perverter of his own fine talents and understanding, are most of the youths of the present day; but there are still some good, some highly exalted, worthies in existence; however depraved the manners of the age, they stand unshaken: to such we have endeavoured to pay a just tribute of praise; and the pleasure we felt in delineating

1. The Aga. 2. Fatima pinning up a new list. 3. Tailoriska.

Conclusion.

the heavenly, though rare, features of Virtue, makes full amends for the painful task we had to perform in lashing severely the votaries of Vice.

THE

TRIAL

OF

FATIMA CLARKIS.

A FRAGMENT

OF

AN ORIENTAL TALE,

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF

SIR BARNABY SKETCHWELL.

Translated from the ORIGINAL, when at SMYRNA, and accommodated to the present Times, by himself, a few Days before his Death.

THE

TRIAL

OF

FATIMA CLARKIS,

&c.

—— "Notumque furens quid fæmina possit." VIRG.

"Hell has no Fury like a Woman scorn'd."

"IT is written on the sacred leaves of the *Koran*, chap. vii. v. 10. that a certain description of ladies * shall not be admit-

* Indeed, the Turkish commentators, who are not much to be commended for their politeness towards the ladies, are of opinion, that the whole of the fair sex is included in this tremendous anathema ; some even, much more to be admired for the length of their whiskers, than their good sense, will have it, in spite of all, that women, though mistresses of our hearts, have no souls of their own.

ted to the glories and everlasting enjoyments of the Prophet's Paradise, after their rising from the chamber of darkness; but that they will only be allowed, occasionally, to peep through the golden railing of the garden of *Delices*, and pine inwardly at the sight of ecstacies they never can be permitted to share with the faithful and their blooming Houris. If it be so, and who dares doubt it?—hard is the fate of poor innocent *Tailor*iska that young Circassian, who, an inmate in the Harem of the AGA *, witnessed all, or at least many, of the pleasures enjoyed there, and, as she declares, had not the slightest participation in them. Neither in this, or in the other life, will she find reality *tangible*, and her miserable doom is to run after shadows, as the boys do in the plains of *Sephar* after gaudy butterflies.

* The Commander in Chief in the Turkish Empire.

In vain the Merchant, the Dragoman, the decrepid Dervises, the sensualist, the compassionate, have untied the knotty strings of their reluctant purses to fill up a subscription in her favour; her fame is flown for ever. Every one speaks of *Tailor*iska; the eunuchs gnash their gingerbread teeth at the foolish girl, and even the mutes busy their crooked fingers to talk of her. A pretty tutoress, indeed, for our young slaves of the Harem! Why, surely, she was not, could not be, ignorant that her bewitching friend and relation, the smile-loving dame *Fatima* Clark*is*, the mingrelian widow, was deceiving the too careless, too confident AGA, and undermining, by her guilty tricks, and pecuniary speculations, the honour of that once much-beloved Commander-in-Chief of the invincible forces of the Sublime Porte! and she had also the impudence of deposing against poor Me, who, the Prophet knows,

Conclusion of her Soliloquy.

am as guiltless as the very ass * who carried him through the spheres. Alla! Alla! what will be the end of us now?"

Such were the melancholy reflexions, the ejaculations, the complaint of the FAVOURITE *Katon Kaja* †, as she was leaving the magnificent hall where the Divan had sat for several succeeding nights in impartial judgment upon the General of all the armies of the *Silver Crescent* ‡.

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* *Al Borak*, the famous animal said to have carried Mahomet in his aërial journey; an intimate friend of, and near relation to, the Pegasus of Ovid, the Hippogriff of Ariosto, and the Aliboron of Voltaire.

† *A Katon Kaja* is a sort of Matron, or Duenna, to whose care the young females of the Seraglio are intrusted: they participate in all the gossips, whispering trade, and intrigues of the place.

‡ Some very deep commentators are of opinion, that the *silver crescent* means that kind of ornamentwhich is worn by those who are unfaithful to their wives, as

Retrospect.

The *Katon Kaja* had been acquainted with all the spurious broods Fatima had hatched under the wings of the short-sighted AGA, but blind to her own connivance, she excused herself most kindly upon her being a dependant, menial servant, a kind of being who, in the Turkish as any other empire, think themselves without sins, and talk boldly of propriety, preciseness, and virtue, because they are merely, and to all purposes, the obedient and humble servants of a sinner.

Immaums and veteran officers among the Jannissaries, in *new boots* and clean slippers, had bought up the Kaja's interest, to obtain admission to the red morocco pocket-book of Fatima, the mother of preferments; but the Sun of her brightest days was immersed in the clouds of disappointment for ever, and through the

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the *crescent of gold* is worn by those whose wives are unfaithful to them.—OVID. Met.

streets of Constantinople, the *Katon* met, or thought that she met, nothing else but funerals, bastinadoes, empalements, and gibbets. Her mind was distracted, her dreams frightful, and after a sleepless and distressing night, she rose at the hoarse noise of the Minarets, and hastened to her late mistress.

She did not find her as before, on an Egyptian sopha, pressing with her lily-white hand the gilt head of the Sphynx of Canopus, or playing, at the thousand lights of a Chinese candelabre, on the viol or dulcimer. *Fatima Clark* is was alone, and a small lamp bestowed a bluish glare on a white sheet of papyrus she was staining with the memoirs of her life, for she had engaged to sell them to the *ci-devant* Bashaw of *Philipp-opolis* in the lesser Asia.

"Well, favourite, what news do you bring?" said she to the *Katon*, as soon as she entered the room. "None, ma'am,

but that your name, your pretty friend *Tailor*iska's, and mine are warbled all over the town and country by public singers; and that those who seemed to favour your disclosures call you now a *common prostitute.*"*—"By Mahomet!" exclaimed the enraged *Clark*is "and is this what I have to expect for my reward? Oh! sweet Revenge, how bitter are the dregs of thy cup!"

*Tailor*iska was really, as most of the beauties of the Harem, a daughter of CHANCE;† and indeed, when interrogated before the high tribunal of the Divan, by the venerable and learned members who composed the court, she hesitated, and nearly refused telling the truth of her origin and profession: however, it was pretty well ascertained that she had wandered from

See "The News", Sunday, March 26.

† The supply of young women brought every year to repair the losses of the Harems are girls found by chance, or daughters of Christians or Jews, stolen from their paternal abodes.

place to place, with a small innocent covey of young christian females, whom she pretended to instruct in the path of virtue, and the detestation of adultery and other prevailing vices, whilst she was an inmate in the house of wantonness and foul deceit.

Not so with FATIMA; her real origin was known. From childhood she attracted the attention, listened to the sighs, and received the vows of a thousand adventurers, money-lenders, and Jews, in the dark and dirty lanes of *Galata*. She had married, indeed, a young Greek, who acquainted with all the *free-masons* and enthusiasts of the town, soon separated from his volatile and loosened rib, and declined into the numerous class of *incogs*. who ramble about tombs, and church-yards, dwelling among the dead, because the living are not, or have ceased to be, congenial to their whims.

The vile creeping thing that is hatched

in obscurity, and crawls upon the dunghill, may one day astonish our admiring eye, by the elegance of its form, and the variegated down of its butterfly-wings. Had Fatima, the giddy Fatima, made use, in a lower sphere, of those talents she received from bountiful Nature, she would have shone the morning star of her sex and condition in life; but no! she aspired like a foolish moth to a greater lustre, to a transcendant brightness, and burnt her self at the very flame, which covetousness and pride made her imprudently seek for.

Not content with the high and most respectable acquaintance of the Emperor of Morocco, through the kindness of his ambassador, nothing short of ruling over the first military man in the Ottoman Empire could satisfy her vanity. She saw the Aga, and he was caught in the snares of her witticism and beauty. He surrounded her with all those comforts and even superfluities which woman wants when

she sacrifices at the expensive altar of lust, fashion, and folly; and his generosity towards her, if not unexampled, could not be easily surpassed.

Fatima was the best loved, the most adored, lady of the *Aga's* private Harem; the handkerchief, the wished-for token of predilection and partiality, was always, at her beck, ready to fly to her lap. She ruled there without control; Mutes and loquacious Kajas, Eunuchs, and new imported slaves, all were subservient to her wishes, and the AGA himself was an yielding dependent upon her nods, her looks, or the waving of her alabaster hand. But the fresh roses of Bagdad, and the blue cyclamen of Tadmor, have their time; they are blown by the morning breeze into elegance and gaudiness; at noon they begin to wither away; and the evening star weeps over their departed loveliness. *Fatima* had lost the AGA's love, favours, and good will; she had been dismissed from the abodes of

happiness, and her days were clouded with anxiety and self-created sorrow.

In the most horrid paroxysm of rage, blasting, in the storm of her passions, her past conduct with the AGA, and swearing by the tremendous name of the demon of everlasting revenge, she raised an hurricane against the deceived Commander of the faithful Army; and, although she was then drinking the pernicious liquor forbidden by the Prophet, in public *Kans* and *Caravan-serays* with an adventurer from ERIN, she found ears listening to her tale, and disclosed the whole of her secrets with the AGA.

The court before which she impeached her lover was deep in the knowledge of the human heart, as well as in the works of nature. They knew that if the mortal juice of hemlock can poison the wisest of all men *, it may also melt a

* *Socrates*, well known to the Arabs, so long and so deeply learned in Greek.

dangerous wen on the neck of a fool. Although her character was most exceptionable, they listened kindly to her depositions, suffered with longanimity her preposterous flights of witticism, her indecents rebuffs, and, even following the polite manners of European Courts, allowed a woman to sit down in their presence. Such was their unbiassed, unprejudiced desire to reach the hand of truth!

In vain a SANDONASSO, a Captain in the Greek garrison of the island of Lesbos, and other friends of the AGA, mistook their aim, and foiled themselves with their own hands: in vain the honest meaning and patriotic zeal of the accusers of the Commander-in-Chief supported *Fatima* and *Tailor*iska's evidence to *touch* the substance of real crimination; in vain she was listened to, when retailing her frolicks with the AGA, representing herself as pinning up, at the cur-

tains of her criminal bed, the list of her favourites to be presented to her paramour in that moment when nothing is to be refused; and hailed the God of love* as dispensator of Ecclesiastical and Military favours; the AGA was not found guilty of connivance; and the disappointed Fatima Clark*is* retired convicted of prostitution and adultery, of corrupt practices and secret peculation, of ungrateful animosity and fruitless revenge.

Abandoned by those ephemerous insects who love to bask in the sunshine of prosperity, FATIMA had now no other visitors but the ruined school-mistress and the *Favourite,* and she was conversing with them on the unexpected turn the whole affair had taken, when, by order

* See the Plate.

of the *Cadi* of the district, she was called out of her temporary lodgings to attend her own trial, which was to take place at the house of a respectable friend of the Sultana, properly empowered to pass a sentence of equity upon her, the *Katonkaja*, and the daughter of *Chance*.

BONOVIA, the Sultana's representative, was seated at the farthest end of a magnificent-hall, hung around with crimson velvet, on which the clever hands of her daughters and friends had embroidered, in silver and gold, the principal anecdotes of Fatima's life—and most pointedly the particulars of her acquaintance with the AGA. She reclined on a beautifuld sopha studded with silver crescent, on an azure ground of damask manufactory, and held in her hand the golden scepter of impartial enquiry: at her right were placed, on purple cushions, the principal ladies of several private Harems, and at her left, on a superb couch of white taf-

fetas, twelve learned women were impannelled to the sacred number of the heavens the prophet had travelled through, in his journey to the celestial throne.

At the bar, three small *tabourets* were assigned to Fatima, Tailoriska, and the Favourite. Many Turkish fashionable females were standing unveiled in the court, and after the cry of "Prayers," according to custom, the presiding BONOUIA spoke to the following purpose;

"Authorized by the custom of the land and the wisest of the Mahommedan laws, we call you, *Fatima Clarkis*, before our tribunal to answer accusations which may be brought up against you. Formerly, in the higher court of the Divan, you appeared in the favourable light of a witness, and seemed to be nothing more than the innocent medium through which the investigators of truth expected to arrive

The Speech continued.

at the wished-for consolation of separating innocence from guilt; here, you are endited, and at the bar, not an enraged and spiteful accuser, but an humble accused. There, you relied on the forbearance and politeness of a sex whose pride is to be the defence and protection of our own; there you indulged, with impunity, your natural bent for quibbling and quizzing, and your impudence was overlooked or forgiven because you were a woman; here you will have justice also, but no difference of sex, no punctilio, no made-up decorum shall allow you indulgences you have no right to expect;

"MAHOMET forbid, however, that we should deal with you with unbecoming rudeness or unmerited severity. Your soul stands naked before us, exposed to our sight on all sides, like the marble-obelisk of *Ali* in the palace of the Emperors, and the angel of veracity holds

up the book of past events to the eyes of the prophet, in order to ascertain the merit of your depositions.—You may sit down."

Having previously prostrated herself three times on the costly carpet at the feet of *Bonouja,* and paid, on the right and left, her humble obeisance to the female counsellors, and the jury-ladies, Fatima retired back, and accordingly sat herself down.

Tailoriska, her eyes modestly fixed on the ground, stood behind her, and the *Favourite,* with a vacant look, remained at a greater distance.

Terceva, the learned and eloquent daughter of the opulent *Pacha* of *Aleppo,* rose with all the elegance and comeliness of youth, accompanied by the serious and imposing countenance of an accuser; she said:

The Accusation continued.

"The blast of your revenge has reached the palm-tree of *Idumea*; and the pride of *Lebanon* was shaken by your spiteful efforts.

"You spoke; justice held up her immortal sword, and the staff of power dropt *spontaneously* from the hand of the AGA.

"You have been the occasion of a great example given to the world; namely, that with the Divan there is no prejudicate distinction of persons; no sheltering the criminal under the canopy of royalty or in the strong coffers of wealth; and that the lowest of the low has as great a right to the benefit of the law, as the son of the venerable MUPHTI and the AGA himself.

"But we are not satisfied upon the motives which prompted you to disclose the whole of your adulterous life, not only with the commander of the faithful, but

Continued.

also with many others, who fell in the snares you had laid for them. Your own life is a string of immoralities, and the several links that compose the shameful chain were tempered in the hissing waters of impertinence. Your trip at a delightful place in the environs of the Metropolis, and your feats in the silver waves, are now known to every one. You had deposited the veil of decency on the shore, and the pliancy of your beautiful limbs, in the folding chrystal of the ocean, became an object of admiration to the impure spectators of your more impure conduct. Your fast-succeeding lovers placed you on a level with our most determined polygamic Bashaws; and your male Seraglio was the whole world. You wantoned in your lust, and the folly of men bolstered up your emptiness. Natural talents were prostituted to the basest purposes; and the perfidious rose of your lips contained more poison than the narcotic flower of *Hyoscyamus*.

"It was not expected that the AGA should be exempt from the influence of the soft and tender passion of love. The impartial *Schamuel* ZYTHO, that eloquent and enlightened member of the Divan, although a destroyer of vice and corruption, allowed the AGA some excuses for his folly, which he publicly confessed and execrated; but you, Fatima, you had none.

"Had the flattering EBLIS*, with the wings of love, incessantly fluttered before your enchanted eyes, and whispered in your listening ears tales of prostitution and lust; were then all the stores of *camphor* in the new and old Bazars† of *Stamboul* so entirely exhausted, that you could not procure a small *bagful* of it to cool the volcanic rage of your passion? Western ladies, we are told, know better, and, by

* The name used by the Mahometans for the Devil.

† Bazar, market-place and warehouse.

that means, they master themselves, in order to become more powerful mistresses of others.

"I shall not tire the patience of the court by entering more at large in the field of your multifarious guilt: but *Isouf Sandonasso* and *Achmet Claverini* have been justly chastised for their prevarications; and, as the High Court has disdained to punish you, we, for the example of posterity and the edification of the faithful, propose a salutary expiation for your past offences. Therefore I move, "that *Fatima Clarkis* be sent to some place of retirement, to pass the rest of her days in useful occupations and the reading of the Koran."

Salamina, supported the motion with great warmth; she represented the Aga as a feeble-minded man, who had not philosophy enough to resist the intoxica-

ting seduction of such a woman as Fatima. "You drank" said she "the poison of your present misery in chrystal cups, more costly than gold; and the retinue of the Sultan himself shrunk diminished before the splendour and magnitude of your establishment."

Zulpha interrogated her, and said, "Did it never strike you, in the vortex of your pleasures, that you were digging an abyss of shame and repentance under the unwary feet of your lover?"

Fatima. It was not my business to foretell events, and I never met sorrow half-way.

Salamina. Did you not know that you were infringing the sacred authority of the chief of our religion, the infallible Mufti, when you contrived to promote

an jmaum * and a dervise to the reading of our principal Mosque?

Fatima. But this was done without any particular wish of depriving any body of his privileges; and, indeed, the preferments and places in the Mosques are not always disposed of in favour of men more worthy than the Iman I proposed.

A general cry of, "chair! chair!" was heard from all parts of the hall—the President held up her fan, and directed *Fatima* to retire. After a few observations from several ladies at the right-side of the venerable *Bonouja*, she was called in, and having bowed as usual, she resumed placidly her situation on the tabouret.

* Immaun, immaum, or iman, a priest who performs duties in the Mosques.

Belita begged leave to ask Fatima, her motives for publishing "The Memoirs of her own Life." She urged the impropriety, the indelicacy, the danger of such a step, "that enough already was known of her giddy and voluptuary life, and that she could not reveal any interesting anecdotes of her scandalous conduct without offending the eyes and the ears of the most accommodating readers: that disclosures of flagitious scenes acted within the mysterious curtains of adultery and prostitution, cannot be edifying to the public at large, and that her unveiling the truth might injure the peace of mind of many decoyed victims of her irresistible fascinations: that no decent person will open the impure roll of her criminal extravagancies, and that the *Ambassador of Morocco* himself would be displeased at seeing his yellow-slippered master traduced to public ridicule: that the late Bashaw of *Philipp*opolis, was himself so much

ashamed of publishing any thing relating to Fatima, that he declined having his name publickly coupled with her's, and left to a celebrated *Amanuensis* * the care of making the copies, and selling them to the world."

Several other ladies from the purple cushions, spoke to the same purpose, and silence being obtained by the President extending her golden sceptre towards the assembly, *Romilia,* the niece of one of the most profound professors of civil law, at Smyrna, rose in defence of the accused. All that can be said in favour of a giddy female, who, intoxicated with the idea of being the *darling* and *dearest dear* of the third great personage in the whole empire, forgets herself and every thing else, was eloquently urged upon

* It has been rumoured since, that through motives similar to those alleged above, the whole of the copies had been bought up by parties concerned.

the minds and hearts of the judicious ladies who composed the court; all that deep learning, accompanied with the consciousness of doing what is right, could impart, was impressively displayed by the celebrated counsellor; but in vain.

The jury retired to the chamber of Decision, where unshaken Impartiality resides, and ere the *Esma**, which the President and the rest of the company recited during the while, was ended, they re-appeared, and the eldest of them, in a clear and firm tone of voice, her hands elevated and clasped over her half-veiled forehead, returned a Verdict of,

GUILTY!

Then *Bonouja* rose, and with due solemnity pronounced the sentence of the Law:—

* A prayer common to all the Mahometans, and recited in occasions of great danger.

Sentence.

"You, *Fatima Clarkis*, you shall be conveyed beyond the Sea of Marmora to the Island of *Naxos**, there to be immured in a Greek Nunnery, where no friars, no dervises, will be allowed to pour on your pallid lips the balm of comfort, and there to remain till perfect repentance has finished the work of your entire reformation. The daughter of Chance, *Tailor-iska*, leaving behind the purses presented her by the votaries of compassion, shall follow you in your retirement; and the *Favourite* shall accompany you both. The camel, in the sands of Barca, shares the scanty water of the brook with his driver; but does not refuse to follow his weary steps through the burning desart; partakers of your good fortune, they shall bear a portion in your punishment!"

* An Island of the *Archipelago*, where *Ariadne*, whom *Theseus* had abandoned, was consoled by the *God of the Grapes*.

Conclusion.

She said; *Fatima* bowed, and the Court broke up.

The *Bostangis*, and a *posse* of Janizaries, were in waiting at the gates of the Hall, to put the sentence in immediate execution, when a Personage on horseback, followed by a magnificent retinue, stopped them unexpectedly. Who could it be, but his excellency the *Ambassador of Morocco*, who, through the powerful influence of his imperial master, had obtained a pardon for the convicts? Accordingly, *Fatima* was permitted to retire to a small *casino* in the suburbs of Constantinople; the forgetful *Tailoriska* obtained leave to enjoy the *purses* subscribed for her by the compassionate; and the *Favourite*, like the transient surge of the Bosphorus, after a noisy, but short-lived appearance, returned to the obscure level of her original insignificancy.

THE END.

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